

THE ECLECTIC.

I.

ST. BERNARD.*

WE have read with very great pleasure Mr. Morison's volume. For nearly a quarter of a century many readers, to whom the theme is interesting, have been looking forward to the promised life of the last of the fathers by Count Montalembert, and we shall continue to look hopefully. The point of vision of the eloquent French historian will be a very different one to that of our present writer. There will also be, we shall expect, much more of the incense of the Romanist, and less of the broad and comprehensive grasp of truth; but when it comes, if it come, it will no doubt be a beautiful contribution to the ecclesiastical literature of the Ultramontanist church. Meantime, we are glad to receive this more sober and yet very eloquent monument to the memory of the illustrious man. The book has our admiration, and the author our thanks.

St. Bernard is neither by name, character, or influence, unknown to our readers. His name is a very prominent one in the Church history of mediæval times—of his age the very foremost man. He also may be designated as 'the solitary monk that shook the world.' The form of the frail man rises amidst the encircling crowd of emperors, and kings, and popes, princes, and priests, fighting barons, and crusaders—the arch-disputants and polemical heretics of the time—with commanding and most subduing power: he ruled all, he influenced all. The lone hermit touched and impressed himself upon all the affairs of his time, always with a powerful, often with a painful distinctness. He moves like the very Elijah of Europe through the nations of

* *The Life and Times of St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux. A.D. 1091-1153.* By James Cottis Morison, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford. Chapman & Hall.

those times ; now pitching his voice to the shrill fervour or the ensanguined furiousness of a mad apostle, as when he became the prophet of the crusades ; now sinking it to the deep and tender minor tone of Christian experiences, when in his band of monks he breathes out his contemplative sermons on the song of songs, which is Solomon's. Beneath the claustral shades of Clairvaux he moulded princes to his will. His was the voice which determined a distracted people and church in their election of a pope. The spiritual vivacity of the man in an age when nations received the law from the spiritual kingdom, was surpassingly amazing. That lonely man might have said, as a far different chieftain said,—

'Of old things all are over old ;
Of good things none are good enough.
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

'I, too, will have my kings, that take
From me the sign of life and death ;
Kingdoms shall shift about like clouds,
Obedient to my breath.'

All this is known to our readers ; but we purpose, in the company of Mr. Morison to review again the particular events of the life of this extraordinary being.

He was a Burgundian. His father was a feudal baron, lord of the castle of Fontaines, near Dijon, by name Tesselin. When he became the successful abbot of European fame, and cloisters rose in England in connection with his order, one of the most glorious and graceful in Yorkshire rose to his honour, as well as to the honour of his Lord ; and the ruins of Fountains Abbey perpetuate the memory of the birthplace of the great middle age monk and preacher. Tesselin was, in his way, a pious fighting man, surnamed *Sorus*, which meant red-headed ; a kind of Christian Rufus, with a rude sense of justice and ill-conditioned holiness in him. He is described as gentle, although brave ; modest, although strong ; and pious, although rich. And so also the mother of our saint was an earnest, loving, devout creature, Alice, or Alith, by name ; a pale, shadowy, mournful mother, the latter years of her life passed in austerities and devotions, charitable after the fashion of the times, mother of seven children—six sons and one daughter—such a mother of such a son would of course not be without monkish eulogists ; and she has ever had plenty who have covered her name and tomb with all legendary and traditional honour. The Abbé of Dijon requested her body for the church of the blessed martyr, Benignus. There she was buried. She was wont to appear, we

are told, after death to her son, Bernard, advising him to continue in his good work when he vowed himself to monkery, in which tradition we are to see no more than 'the robe of beauty given to the tomb unseen in the sunlight,' and to hear only 'the words of the departed,' which, as Mr. Morison says, 'acquire a strange reverberating echo from the vaults wherein they sleep.'

Bernard was the child of these two good people; his mind and heart, not less than his body; he studied at Chatillon. They were stirring times, the times of his early boyhood; they were the days of the first crusade; there was a blaze of wild enthusiasm for the liberation of the Holy Land and sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels; this wild idea was 'the way of God,' and all men were embarking upon the great pilgrimage of nations. Lands were sold for the love of Christ; barons and serfs all felt the animation of a common tendency and hope. 'Christ,' says one old writer, 'had thundered through the minds of all.' Some of the poor harnessed their oxen to their farm-carts, and placed therein their goods and their little ones, and started in all simplicity for the Holy City. Along the bad roads and the long journey, even from province to province, they went, slowly moving and creaking over marsh and moor. As town or castle rose in sight, the children would ask, 'Is that the Jerusalem we are going to?' One of the chief leaders was the Duke of Burgundy. He never returned alive; and he desired that his remains might rest among the poor monks of the wretched Abbey of Citeaux, rather than in any of the more sumptuous and wealthy abbeys of his dominions. Citeaux was near to the hearth of Fontaines, and the Duke was the suzerain of Tesselin. The good Alith would print the lesson of this event upon the mind of the little Bernard, then nine years old—the great crusader going forth with his warriors in full panoply, and returning confined and still to the cemetery at Citeaux.

It was a strange age. Two instincts ruled the world—an instinct for fighting and an instinct for praying. Men passed from one action to the other with ease and happiness; nay, at last did not pass from one to the other, but fought and prayed in the same breath. Thus rose the Society of the Templars; hence the stream of the mad crusaders; for ordinary fighters, the usual occupation was besieging a castle; everybody was slaying or being slain. A very fierce world; and thoughtful and refined natures had very little hesitation in quitting it. Dukes and princes, and peasants and paupers, all sought the haven in which they desired to say their prayers, and lay down for the long night in peace.

'And such a haven was then open, and inviting to all. Between the clash of arms and the din of wars, comes a silvery peal of convent bells. In the deep, hushed winter's night, the chorus-song of matins is heard in measured cadence, and the last chant of compline goes forth as the summer sun approaches the horizon. There, in the thick woods, sleeps the monastery, from whence these voices and bell-tones are heard. Calm and holy it looks, casting long rays of light into the dark air, as the "lured traveller" hastens to its welcome shelter. For a young, ardent spirit, entering the world, the choice practically was between a life of strife, violence, wickedness, of ignoble or ferocious joys and sorrows; or of sober, self-denying labour and solitude, with a solemn strain in the heart, lightening and prospering the work of the hands.'

At first Bernard heard of course the voices of the trumpets and the clang and clash of arms, but he was too frail for a knight. Then in the time of the extraordinary literary awakening of the twelfth century philosophy lifted up her voice and called him. The great doctor of Paris, William of Champeaux, is celebrated throughout Europe; and, still more remarkable, the young audacious knight-errant of heresy, Master Peter Abelard, was fascinating crowds of thousands, over mountains and seas, to enjoy the privilege of hearing him lecture. And the spell of intellect almost called Bernard aside from the life of holiness and prayer to which his mother's example and conversation had incited him. Then in a dubious but all distracted mood he rode on his way through the tangled forest and the bare bleak moor, and presently he came to a church; the clouds of doubt rolled away before the rising sun of faith, and upon his knees, in that wayside church, and in a torrent of tears, he lifted up his hands to heaven, and poured forth his heart like water in the presence of the Lord. That was the hour of his conversion; from that hour his determination to enter the monastic life never faltered.

But Bernard would not enter the monastery alone. The instinct was strong within him which leads us to desire the conversion of other souls immediately after the conversion of our own; and he at once displayed that commanding personal ascendancy, that overpowering influence of spirit, which hardly met with a defeat during his long life. His uncle, his brothers, Guido and Gerard, both knights, yielded very shortly to the spell of his power. Nay, the effect of his preaching was such, that mothers hid their sons, and wives their husbands, and companions their friends, lest they should be led captive by the persuasive eloquence of the youthful enthusiast. At last he had gathered round him thirty adherents; with them he retired into

seclusion at Chatillon, where for a space of six months they all devoted themselves by preparation for the great change they were to undergo. In the year 1113, Bernard, being then twenty-two years old, knocked at the gate, and disappeared within the walls of Citeaux. It was a severe house, of all religious houses one of the most severe. It was beneath the rule of Stephen Harding, an Englishman, from Sherborne, in Dorsetshire. Within its walls he was carrying on a system of monastic reform, keeping St. Benedict's rule most literally, not conventionally, and with large allowances, as was usual in the strictest houses. No ; but eating only one meal a day, and they rose twelve hours from their couches, and they sung psalms and worked in the fields, before they got even that ; never tasting fish, meat, grease, or eggs, and milk only rarely ; their dress consisting only of three garments, all of the coarsest wool ; their church, austere in its simplicity. There was little sympathy with this pleasant monastic life, and a fearful epidemic raging through the cloisters, seemed likely to bring the dream of monastic reform to a close, when Bernard and his brethren sought admittance beneath its cheerless shades.

But these austerities, and others we must not stay to particularize, were too few for Bernard, and he determined to do his best, not only to subdue the desires of the flesh which arise through the senses, but even those senses themselves. He excluded himself from all communication with the outer world ; time given to sleep he regarded as lost ; when importunate friends came to converse with him he heard nothing, he stopped his ears with little wads of flax, and buried his head deep in his cowl ; for food he lost all desire, and the little he took seemed taken rather to defer death than to sustain life ; he betook himself also to hard manual labour—digging, hewing wood, and carrying it on his shoulders. One luxury for a time remained, the desire for it unextinguished as yet, but to be also banished from the soul by-and-by—it was the love of nature. He lived in this love ; to him, in his first monastic days, the love of God and the love of nature were all ; from nature to the Bible, from the Bible to nature ; the beeches and the oaks, the woods and fields, and the Scriptures—no world of thought came between him and that glorious phantasmagoria ; the result of a word of God, and at a word of God, at last to vanish away—only a procession of burning thoughts swept through the soul, raptures of ecstatic love, in the gloomy forest, and before the sailing clouds, and the pomp of setting suns. No world of causes and effects and laws obscured or aided his vision. He says to a friend and pupil—

“ Trust to one who has had experience. You will find something

far greater in the woods than you will in books. Stones and trees will teach you that which you will never learn from masters. Think you not you can suck honey from the rock, and oil from the flinty rock? Do not the mountains drop sweetness? the hills run with milk and honey, and the valleys stand thick with corn?"

We have spoken of the surprise created by the selection of Citeaux as the solitude to which Bernard consigned himself, with his thirty companions. Great, however, must have been the joy created by their arrival in that decaying monastery. It was the turning point in its history. Very soon it became necessary to leave the spot of his selection; and, selected by the Abbot of Citeaux, he became himself, although only just turned four-and-twenty, the head of a new community. Stephen Harding placed a cross in Bernard's hands, gave him twelve monks, and sent the young Abbot forth to choose some spot for a new religious house in the wilderness. He and his companions struck away northward; passed up by the source of the Seine, by Chatillon, a place of old school-day associations, till he reached a spot called Ferté, equally distant between Troyes and Chaumont, situated on the river Aube. Four miles beyond La Ferté, they came to a deep valley; thick, umbrageous forests giving a character of gloom and wildness. It was called the Valley of Wormwood; a name, surely, befitting the austerities we have associated with our pilgrims. Here he laid the foundation of that building whose name is immortal in the history of the Church and of Europe, the famous Abbey of Clairvaux. It was a singularly unpretentious building, utterly excluding from the mind all romantic associations with monastic piles—a building covered by a single roof, under which chapel, dormitory, and refectory were all included; miserable windows, artistically contrived rather to exclude than to convey the light. The monks' beds are described as a kind of bin of wooden planks, long and wide enough for a man to lie down in; a small space hewn out with an axe allowed room for the sleeper to get in or out, and the inside pleasantly strewn with chaff or dried leaves; these below, the woodwork above, are the mattress and the bed-clothes, which furnish to our imagination an idea of the comforts of the home. In truth, all about the establishment marked its extreme poverty. They were near to September when the rude building was completed. Autumn and winter were approaching. They had no stores laid by. Their food during the summer had been a compound of leaves and coarse grain; their food during the winter was to be beech-nuts and roots. The austerities of Citeaux, before Bernard made his appearance, had been severe; but those austerities, which to him were the necessary conditions

of his spiritual life, began to be terrible to his twelve monks. Very shortly there seem to have been signs of mutiny. Deaf to their Abbot's entreaties, they talked of leaving the valley of bitterness, and returning to Citeaux. At this period monkish historians tax the faith of readers with the traditions of miracles, now commencing to perform a part in the history of Bernard, and henceforth never wanting to that history. 'Wait and ye shall see, O ye of little faith,' said the Abbot; and it seems they did see. If not miracles, marvels made their appearance. But when are marvels wanting in the life of faith? He compelled the obedience, and, eventually, the perfectly docile trust of his more faithless brethren, and finally presented himself before his diocesan for consecration over the, as yet, quite incipient abbacy. A precious appearance he and his are described as presenting in the palace of the renowned dialectician, William of Champeaux. Before the experienced master of the Paris schools came the threadbare, care-worn youth, with attenuated body and emaciated countenance. That was a day in which splendour was not wanting to the bishop's palace; and we can easily figure the mirth of the loungers and idlers as the grotesque band made its appearance.

But the old master soon detected the soul in the ragged body, and a life-long friendship was formed between the two from that hour, which, in the life of Bernard, presents us with many pleasant glimpses and particulars. And now Bernard fell ill, which is not surprising. William of Champeaux, when he found his new friend resolute against the relaxation of the painful austerities of his life, started for Citeaux, bishop as he was, that from Stephen Harding, the abbot, he might receive the power to compel the remittance of those toils and pains beneath which the enfeebled constitution was failing fast. He received a commission to manage Bernard for twelve months himself. Hastening back to Clairvaux, he found its Abbot now obedient and yielding. He caused a small cottage to be built outside the monastery walls, and commanded that his diet should no longer be regulated by monastic rule. All this was irksome enough to the spirit of Bernard; but it is easy to see, that probably but for this timely interference, that magic influence, which gave to Clairvaux a far more than European fame, and moved popes, emperors, and princes at its touch, had never been known. He, on his part, seems to have received his lease of life and comfort very ungraciously; and, when William of St. Thierry visited him in his hut, and asked him how he did, a satire, not very common with him in those days, broke forth, as he replied, 'Excellent well. I, who have hitherto ruled over rational beings,

by a great judgment of God, am given over to obey an irrational beast.' Clairvaux, meantime, began to rear its loftier buildings. William of St. Thierry breaks forth into rapturous exclamations at once over the beauty of the valley, and the consecrated labours which were there discovering themselves; a still silent solitude, yet the valley soon became full of men. The sounds of labour, the chants of the brethren, and choral services, began now to relieve the solitudes of the forests and the gorges. We have also the story of Peter de Roya, who turned aside into the valley from a long habitation, as he tells us, 'with festive banquets and silver salvers.' 'To him it seemed,' as he says, 'that he had found the building whose foundation is in the holy mountains—the gates loved of the Lord more than the dwellings of Jacob. In Clairvaux,' says he, 'they have found Jacob's ladder, with angels upon it, some descending, who so provide for their bodies, that they faint not on the way; and others ascending, who so rule their souls, that their bodies hereafter may be glorified with them.' He continues: 'To judge from their outward appearance, their tools, their disordered clothes, they appear a race of fools, without speech or sense; but a true thought in my mind tells me that their life is hid with Christ in the heavens. Many of them, I hear, are bishops and earls, and men illustrious through their birth and knowledge. I see Godfrey of Peronne, Raynald of Picardy, William of St. Omer, Walter of Lisle; all of whom I knew formerly in the old man, whereof I see now no trace, by God's favour.' All this ended in his going to Clairvaux.

From his retirement of sickness Bernard came forth, we think, healthier in mind as well as in body. His nature seems to have righted itself, as far as it ever righted itself in its earthly tabernacle; and, in the course of a year or two, he commenced that course of marvellous literary labours, infinite correspondences, sermons, extending governments, and travels, which alternate his name, in our minds, as the man of action not less than the man of contemplation. Not that he ever became tolerant or tender to any kinds of self-indulgence; and his description of a wolf of a prior, whose tender regards to the necessities of human flesh had succeeded in fascinating one of his monks from Clairvaux to Cluny, is sufficiently humorous: hear him: 'Wine and the like, soup and fat things, these are for the body, not for the mind: not the soul, but the flesh is nourished by ragouts. Many brethren in Egypt serve God a long time, without eating fish, pepper, ginger, sage, and cummin; they indeed delight the palate; but, think you, youth can be passed in safety surrounded by them?' He bids those who fear his fasts, and vigils, and

manual labours, to dwell on the thought of eternal flames. 'The thought of outer darkness will banish all fear of solitude. If you reflect that account is to be kept of every idle word, silence will strike you as less appalling; and eternal weeping and gnashing of teeth will make a feather-bed and mattress equally indifferent. Arise, then, soldier of Christ.' But the soldier did not arise: the morning slumbers, and the ginger and the pepper were too much for the beech-nuts of Clairvaux.

At this period of the history of Bernard, we might dwell a little time, did space permit, upon the miracles which form a portion of the life of St. Bernard; but we cannot dwell. It may be sufficient to remark that it was an age in which material nature was supposed to be at the command of moral goodness. Must not the earthly give way to the heavenly? Must not Christ be the conqueror of Satan? One writer tells us how he saw a knight offer thanks to Bernard for having cured him with a piece of consecrated bread. There are plenty of stories of the diseases which fled at the command or the blessing of Bernard. When he came to the dedication of the church of Foigny, it happened that an incredible number of flies filled the place. 'I excommunicate them,' said the saint. Next morning they were all found dead: they covered the pavement; they were shovelled out with spades; the church was rid of them; the cursing of the Foigny flies passed into a proverb. Shall we laugh at these things? Shall we laugh at the story that, when his attendants were unable to catch his horse, Bernard said, 'Let us pray;' and, kneeling down, they were not through the Lord's prayer, when the horse returned and stood before Bernard? We give these stories in their crudity. At any rate, they are significant enough, and show the estimation in which Bernard was held by his cotemporaries. And we must remember, in looking at the matter, that our talk about miracles would have availed nothing with Bernard. 'Laws of nature!' we think we hear him exclaim; 'what do I know of the laws of nature? Miracle is the law of God.' Miracles and apparitions, and Divine and demoniac interferences with human affairs, a man of the twelfth century—and especially such a man as Bernard—would have as soon parted with his existence as he would have parted with his belief in these. Moreover, there was that in the psychological character of Bernard evidently which would easily hang round him the apparition of miracles to ordinary minds. His whole life was a kind of miracle, resolvable by us in a measure; and if our readers are disposed still to smile, we must remind them that miracles belong to that time as much as the feudal castle, vast monastic piles, and the baron's chain mail.

At the age of thirty-four, Bernard travelled to fortify the population of his young community.

He visited Paris, 'a little, thronged, dirty, ill-paved city : ' one smiles at the unrecognisable description. The schools of Paris were the marvel of Europe. Bernard was requested to enter them, and lecture in them. He did not enter the schools, but he was glad enough to seize the opportunity for dilating on the true philosophy—contempt for the world, and voluntary poverty for Christ's sake. His visit, while not entirely unsuccessful, does not seem to have greatly strengthened Clairvaux. He gladly returned to his peaceful seclusion, from which, indeed, he was never a willing wanderer ; and there are many passages, some of which Mr. Morison has introduced, which give us glimpses of serene and thoughtful days, amidst the turmoil and barbarism of that wild, ungovernable time. In his way, we are pleased also to see that St. Bernard set himself heartily to the reformation of burglarious barons, bishops who thought too much of their temporalities, and abbots who gave more attention to their revenues than to souls. He set himself, as the representative of the Church, to do battle with the exuberant animalism of the age—to tame it and drill it—and it is truly amusing, in this connection, to notice how, again and again, the question of cookery forces itself upon our saint's attention. Some passages, in which he condemns the luxury of the Cluniacs, are scarcely less curious than they are humorous. A Cluniac dinner must have been a tolerably inviting repast. 'Who,' says our saint, 'could say, to speak of nothing else, in how many forms eggs are cooked and worked up ; with what care they are turned in and out, made hard or soft, or chopped fine ; now fried, now roasted, now stuffed ; now they are served mixed with other things, now by themselves ; even the external appearance of the dishes is such that the eye, as well as the taste, is charmed ; and when even the stomach complains that it is full, curiosity is still alive. So also,' he continues, 'what shall I say about water-drinking, when even wine and water is despised ? We all of us, it appears, directly we become monks, are afflicted with weak stomachs, and the important advice of the apostle to use wine, we, in a praiseworthy manner, endeavour to follow, but for some unexplained reason, the condition of *a little* is usually omitted.' In the same manner he denounces the monkish lust of dress. 'You say religion is in the heart ; true, but when you are about to buy a cowl you rush over the towns, visit the markets, examine the fairs, dive into the houses of the merchants, turn over all their goods, undo their bundles of cloth, feel it with your fingers, hold it to your eyes or to the rays of the sun ; if anything coarse or

faded appears, you reject it; but if you are pleased with any object of unusual beauty or brightness, you buy it, whatever the price. Does this come from your heart or your simplicity? I wonder that our abbots allow these things, unless it arises from the fact, that no one is apt to blame any error with confidence, if he cannot trust to his own freedom from the same.' Nor these vices alone. He speaks of others whose vice was a mock humility. 'Again, with our bellies full of beans, and our minds of pride, we condemn those who are full of meat; as if it were not better to eat a little fat on occasion, than to be gorged, even to belching, with windy vegetables.' He looked with little more favour upon the rich architecture now beginning to adorn the churches of Europe, than the sumptuary condition of the priests. 'The churches' walls are resplendent,' exclaims he, 'but the poor are not there.'

"In the churches are suspended, not *coronæ*, but wheels studded with gems, and surrounded by lights, which are scarcely brighter than the precious stones which are near them. Instead of candlesticks, we behold great trees of brass, fashioned with wonderful skill, and glittering as much through their jewels as through their own lights. What do you suppose is the object of all this? The repentance of the contrite, or the admiration of the gazers? O vanity of vanities! but not more vain than foolish. The church's walls are resplendent, but the poor are not there. . . . The curious find wherewith to amuse themselves—the wretched find no stay for them in their misery. Why, at least, do we not reverence the images of the saints, with which the very pavement we walk on is covered? Often an angel's mouth is spit into, and the face of some saint trodden on by the passers-by. . . . But if we cannot do without the images, why can we not spare the brilliant colours? What has all this to do with monks, with professors of poverty, with men of spiritual minds?

"Again, in the cloisters, what is the meaning of those ridiculous monsters, of that deformed beauty, that beautiful deformity, before the very eyes of the brethren when reading? What are disgusting monkeys there for, or ferocious lions, or horrible centaurs, or spotted tigers, or fighting soldiers, or huntsmen sounding the bugle? You may see there one head with many bodies, or one body with numerous heads. Here is a quadruped with a serpent's tail; there is a fish with a beast's head; there a creature, in front a horse, behind a goat; another has horns at one end, and a horse's tail at the other. In fact, such an endless variety of forms appears everywhere, that it is more pleasant to read in the stonework than in books, and to spend the day in admiring these oddities than in meditating on the law of God. Good God! if we are not ashamed of these absurdities, why do we not grieve at the cost of them?"

Thus, finally perhaps, Bernard would not be far from a dis-

position to pronounce the objugation of Thomas Carlyle, 'Let the devil fly away with fine arts.' 'I never met with a man,' says Ruskin, 'whose mind was fully set upon the world to come, perfect and right before God, who cared about art at all.' We are disposed to commend the consideration of these sundry texts from all these worthies to those who find a strong disposition to sneer at Puritanic tabernacles and conventicles, on one hand, or who are disposed to estimate the worth of our modern Non-conformity by its æsthetic developments, on the other.

As Bernard verged towards his fortieth year, the period of his comparative retirement and rest drew to a close. He attended the Council of Troyes—that celebrated council, famous for the part it took in founding the order of the Knights Templars. In this order those two grand instincts of mediæval times to which we have already referred—the fighting instinct and the praying instinct—became distinctly one. Bernard's exhortation to the Knights of the Temple is very characteristic of the times and of himself, although issued some three or four years later. He contrasts the secular with the monastic warfare in the following extraordinary words, curiously remarkable for their saintly blood-thirstiness :—

“You always run a risk, you worldly soldier, of either killing your adversary's body, and your own soul in consequence, or of being killed yourself both body and soul. If, while wishing to kill another you are killed yourself, you die a homicide. If you vanquish and kill your enemy, you live a homicide. But what an astounding error, what madness is it, oh, Knights, to fight at such cost and trouble for no wages except those of death or sin! You deck out your horses with silken trappings; you wear flaunting cloaks over your steel breastplates; you paint your shields, your spears, and your saddles; your spurs and bridles shine with gold and silver, and gems; and in this gay pomp, with an amazing and incredible madness, you rush upon death. Have you not found from experience that these things are especially needed by a soldier, viz., that he be bold yet vigilant as regards his own safety, quick in his movements, and prompt to strike? You, on the contrary, cultivate long hair, which gets in your eyes; your feet are entangled in the folds of your flowing robes; your delicate hands are buried in your ample and spreading sleeves. In addition to all this, your reasons for fighting are light and frivolous, viz., the impulses of an irrational anger, or a desire of vain glory, or the wish to obtain some earthly possession. Certainly, for such causes as these it is not safe either to slay or to be slain.

“But Christ's soldiers can fight in safety the battles of their Lord; fearing no sin from killing an enemy; dreading no danger from their own death. Seeing that for Christ's sake death must be suffered or inflicted, it brings with it no sin, but rather earns much glory. In

the one case Christ is benefited, in the other Christ is gained.—Christ, who willingly accepts an enemy's death for revenge, and more willingly still, grants him-elf to the soldier for consolation. Christ's soldier can securely kill—can more securely die: when he dies, it profits him; when he slays, it profits Christ. Not without just cause is he girded with a sword. When he kills a malefactor, he is not a slayer of men, but a slayer of evil, and plainly an avenger of Christ against those who do amiss. But, when he is killed, he has not perished, he has reached his goal. The Christian exults in the death of a pagan because Christ is glorified. In the death of the Christian, the King's bountifulness is shown when the soldier is led forth to his reward. The just will rejoice over the first when he sees the punishment of the wicked. Of the latter men will say, '*Verily there is a reward for the righteous, doubtless there is a God that judgeth the earth.*'"

The following remarkable words, pervaded surely by a droll grim humour, express his feelings at the departure of the troops of crusaders for the Holy Land.

"But the most joyful and salutary result to be perceived is, that in such a multitude of men who flock to the East there are few besides scoundrels, vagabonds, thieves, murderers, perjurers, and adulterers, from whose emigration a double good is observed to flow, the cause of a twofold joy. Indeed they give as much delight to those whom they leave as to those whom they go to assist. Both rejoice,—those whom they defend and those whom they no longer oppress. Egypt is glad at their departure; yet Mount Zion and the daughters of Judah shall be joyful over the succour they will bring: the one for losing its most cruel spoilers, the other at receiving its most faithful defenders."

The most distinct turning point in the career of St. Bernard was perhaps the death of the Pope Honorius II. on Feb. 14th, 1130. His death led to a double election to the papacy. On the same evening on which the Pope died, Cardinal Gregory, of St. Angelo, was proclaimed supreme Pontiff under the name of Innocent II., while another party went through the form of election with their Pope, dressed him in pontificals, declared that Peter Leonis was the vicar of Christ under the title of Anacletus II. Innocent fled from Rome to France, trusting in the allegiance of the nations of Northern Europe, and although Anacletus had been a monk of Cluny, that monastery produced a strong presumption in favour of Innocent by the recognition of his right. But the French bishops had not decided, although it became necessary immediately to decide. A council was convened at Etampes for the purpose of discussing the claims of the hostile Popes. To this council Bernard was very specially invited by the king and the chief bishops. He confessed after-

wards that he went with much fear and trembling ; nor are we surprised that on the road his eyes were saluted by a vision in which he saw a large church, with all the people harmoniously praising God. This raised his spirits. We can scarcely conceive the importance of such a schism as that which the council was called in some way to heal. Fasting and prayer preceded its deliberations, and no clearer impression can be conveyed of the immense fame and influence Bernard had acquired than in the fact that the council unanimously agreed, first, that this business, which concerned God, should be entrusted to the man of God, and that his judgment should decide the assembly. We can scarcely think that that assembly was in great ignorance as to the verdict he was likely to pronounce ; nor can we doubt that this, too, was one of the occasions when that felicitous and marvellous swell and sweep of all-subduing eloquence, which mighty councils and vast convocations of princes, barons, and scholars were destined yet many times to prove, exhibited much of its matchlessness. He rose obedient to the call and examined the whole question ; the causes which led to the double election, the life and character of the first elected ; as he advanced, it is said, the Holy Ghost seemed to speak through him. He pronounced Innocent, without hesitation or reserve, the legitimate Pope and the only one they could accept as such, and, amidst acclamations and praises, and vows of obedience to Innocent, the council broke up. Henceforth the way of Bernard lay much among the higher principalities and powers of Europe. Immediately after the council it is interesting to find him meeting with our own Henry I., the wisest soldier of his age, the mightiest monk of the cloisters of Christendom, face to face ; old knight and young priest ; and the young priest conquered the old knight, for Henry had been indisposed to acknowledge Innocent. The enthusiast convinced the man of the world. 'Are you afraid,' said he, 'of incurring sin if you acknowledge Innocent ; think how to answer your other sins before God and I will answer and take account of this one.' And Henry yielded to the quaint and not very polite reasoning. It is not wonderful that Innocent should regard Bernard as a necessary friend and adviser. Events, perhaps, subsequently prove that an Elijah-like kind of character was not the most comfortable companion for the Vatican ; but for the present he was necessary to the Pope. They met at Morigny near Etampes : they met also another man whom we shall presently see much more distinctly, who was one of the guests that night with the Abbot of Clairvaux at Morigny—Master Peter Abelard. Very shortly after this, Innocent, the early days of whose papacy were anything but tranquil, had to

receive the comparative hostilities of the Emperor Lotharius at Liege. Once more Bernard came to the rescue. He boldly faced Lotharius, smoothed matters of difference between papal and imperial claims, persuaded the Emperor to acquiesce in the claims of Innocent; finally, urged by Bernard, the Emperor went on foot through the crowd towards the Pope on his white palfrey, and when Innocent descended from his horse, the Emperor was there to assist him; and thus, before all men in that age of forms and ceremonies, he proclaimed his submission. There was a strength of texture in the stuff of which these churchmen in those days were made, yet their temporalities had not reached the dangerous ambitiousness of more recent times, and we find Innocent spent some time at Clairvaux on his way homewards. He perhaps was surprised at the marvellous austerity, the self-restraint and solemn silence of the plain unornamented church and the bare walls of the monastery. The monks received the brilliant cavalcade with closed lids. They were seen of all and saw no one; nor do they seem to have treated the Pope much better than they treated themselves. We read that if a stray fish could be caught it was reserved for the table of the Pope alone.

We must pass by the circumstances of the Council of Rheims; and Bernard, after this powerful intercourse with the affairs and destinies of Europe, returned to the shades of his own beautiful vale—returned to leisure, rest, reflection, and solitude. Fifteen years had passed away since the grotesque foundation had been laid of the now famous monastery. From his obscurity he had emerged to place the tiara on the head of the chief of Christendom; but he was regarded himself as the acknowledged chief of the most active minds of Europe and of the age. Clairvaux was growing, outwardly and inwardly. Houses connected with it were rising in many parts of France; and especially through the broad, unbroken solitudes of Yorkshire; where still two of the loveliest ruins—Riveaux and Fountains—keep the memory of Bernard alive, and relate the mind of the visitor to the crumbling wall. But Clairvaux itself was expanding. It was too small. Numbers were coming, and the existing site was quite insufficient for the necessities of the order—insufficient for the monks, especially for the visitors. Soon a nobler structure arose. Large grants of land were easily obtained, and every needful supply for the erection lavishly poured in. Still it was a little haven of shelter in the midst of a stormy sea. A strange and motley population, we know, assembled within those walls. Rough, strong, mediæval knights, men of appetites and passions, who had spent their days in intense animalism and blood-

shedding, felt a spirit touch their hearts as they approached that place, or as its tidings approached them. They came in the repentance of sackcloth and in strange agonies of soul, bent their stiff, iron-clad knees before the altar and in the cloister. We read of some, their faces on the grass, foaming at the mouth. To this succeeded a period of peace; they entered the narrow pathway for life: a pathway now skirted by the gates of hell, now rising to the heights of heaven.

And is it not beautiful to think of Bernard returning to these his brethren and his children from those interviews we have seen him holding with the statesmen of his age, and in that same year, 1135, then aged forty-four, commencing, to this congregation of miscellaneous hearts—some subdued and hushed to a peace deeper than that of woods, and clouds, and hills—a peace that passeth all understanding—and some wild, and fevered, and beating still—that series of discourses which some have called matchless, in which all the richness, the symbolism, the mystery, tenderness, and beauty of the ancient church, were pressed out—his sermons on the Song of Solomon? By these we suppose the name of Bernard will ever be most affectionately immortalized. They form one of the richest roses of the mediæval church. Let us read them as they should be read: world-wearied and wasted, but sighing after peace. Let us think of ourselves as listening to them in those still, cool aisles, sometimes while the sun is climbing in the early morning over the forest trees and hills, and sometimes in what seems the more sweet and suitable hour of meditative twilight. Imperatively necessary it is in reading to dismiss from the mind all the refining casuistries of modern criticism; but read by the spirit of the ancient book, and with a transference of soul to the time, the place, the auditors, and preacher, there is something magical and sweet in their deep experiences. The preacher himself had been a man to whom life had been no child's play, who had thought of all the burden of the weary and intolerable world, perhaps quite as much as any who suppose they have suffered more in this day of more fastidious tastes, sometimes mistaken for more acute sensibilities; but he had passed through his novitiate, and had reached the peace spoken so deeply in every syllable of those discourses. There came sliding in the old monk, his mortifications almost done; there the young beginner, scarcely yet habituated to a life so severe; there the possessor of broad lands, relinquished now for Christ's sake; labourers from the hot fields, or rising from the night's vigils: they gathered round the man whose words and conversation they verily believed to be of another world. We must let our readers see something of these

discourses, so long treasured in the scriptorium of the Church, that they may estimate their strength and beauty.

GOD ALL IN ALL.

“But who can grasp the magnitude of delight comprehended in that short word? God will be all in all. Not to speak of the body, I perceive three things in the soul—reason, will, memory; and these three make up the soul. How much each of these in this present world lacks of completion and perfectness, is felt by every one who walketh in the Spirit. Wherefore is this, except because God is not yet all in all? Therefore it is that our reason falters in judgment, that our will is feeble and distracted, that our memory confounds us by its forgetfulness. We are subjected unwillingly to this threefold weakness, but hope abides. For He who fills with good things the desires of the soul, He himself, will be to the reason the fulness of light; to the will, the abundance of peace; to the memory, the unbroken smoothness of eternity. O truth! O charity! O eternity! O blessed and blessing Trinity! to thee my miserable trinity miserably groans, while it is in exile from thee. Departing from thee in what errors, griefs, and fears is it involved! Alas, for what a trinity have we exchanged thee away. My heart is disturbed, and hence my grief; my strength has forsaken me, and hence my fear; the light of my eyes is not with me, and hence my error. O trinity of my soul! what a changed trinity dost thou show me in mine exile?”

“But why art thou cast down, O my soul! and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, that is, when error shall have left my mind, sorrow my will, fears my memory; and serenity, sweetness, and eternal peace shall have come in their stead. The first of these things will be done by the God of truth; the second by the God of charity; the third by the God of Omnipotence, that God may be all in all: the reason receiving light inextinguishable, the will peace imperturbable, the memory cleaving to a fountain which shall never fail. You may judge for yourselves whether you would rightly assign the first to the Son, the second to the Holy Ghost, and the last to the Father; in such a manner, however, that you take away nothing of any of them, either from the Father, or the Son, or the Holy Ghost.”

Of course a deep mystical fervour pervades all these sermons, as in the following illustrative extract on

THE FEET OF GOD.

“But I must not pass over in silence those spiritual feet of God, which, in the first place, it behoves the penitent to kiss in a spiritual manner. I well know your curiosity, which does not willingly allow anything obscure to pass by it; nor indeed is it a contemptible

thing to know what are those feet which the Scripture so frequently mentions in connection with God. Sometimes he is mentioned as standing on them, as 'We will worship in the place where thy feet have stood;' sometimes as walking, as 'I will dwell in them and will walk in them;' sometimes even as running, as 'He rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.' If it appear right to the apostle to call the head of Christ God, it appears to me as not unnatural to consider his feet as representing man—one of which I shall name mercy, and the other judgment. Those two words are known to you, and the Scripture makes mention of them in many places.

"On these two feet, fitly moving under one divine head, Christ, born of a woman, he who was invisible under the law, then made Emmanuel [God with us], was seen on the earth, and conversed with men. Of a truth, he even now passes amongst us, relieving and healing those oppressed by the devil; but spiritually and invisibly. With these feet, I say, he walks through devout minds, incessantly purifying and searching the hearts and reins of the faithful.

"Happy is that mind in which the Lord Jesus has placed both of these feet. You may recognise that mind by these two signs, which it must necessarily bear as the marks of the divine footprints. These are hope and fear. The first representing the image of judgment, the other of mercy. Justly doth the Lord take pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy; seeing that fear is the beginning of wisdom, of which also hope is the increase, and charity the consummation. These things being so, in this first kiss which is received at the feet, is not a little fruit; only be careful that you are not robbed of either kiss. If you are pricked by the pain of sin, and the fear of judgment, you have pressed your lips on the foot of judgment and truth. If you temper this fear and pain by regarding the divine goodness, and by the hope of forgiveness, you may know that you have embraced the foot of mercy. It profits not to kiss one without the other, because the dwelling on judgment only casts you into the abyss of desperation, while a deceitful trust in mercy generates the worst kind of security.

"To me also, wretched one, it has been given sometimes to sit beside the feet of the Lord Jesus, and with all devotion to embrace first one, then the other, as far as his loving-kindness condescended to permit me. But if ever, forgetful of mercy, through the stings of conscience I have dwelt too long on the thought of judgment, at once cast down with incredible fear and confusion, enveloped in dark shadows of horror, breathless from out of the deeps I cried, 'Who knoweth the power of thy wrath, and through fear of thee who can reckon thy displeasure:' if it has chanced that I have then clung too closely to the foot of mercy, after forsaking the other, such carelessness and indifference have come upon me, that my prayers have grown cold, my work has been neglected, my speech has been less cautious, my laughter more ready, and the whole state of both my outer and inner man less firm. Learning then from experience, not

judgment alone, nor mercy alone, but mercy and judgment together, will I sing unto thee, O Lord ; I will never forget those justifications ; they both shall be my song in the house of my pilgrimage, until mercy being exalted above judgment, then misery shall cease, and my glory shall sing to thee for ever, and not be silent." "

These were the discourses which charmed multitudes to the cloisters of Clairvaux. In our day the practical bias of life has so eclipsed and outstripped the speculative that it is difficult to conceive how men could have renounced all earthly claims and every earthly emolument and position, that they might have the opportunity of listening to such spiritual raptures, and indulging in the austere pleasures of the spiritual life. It is quite wonderful to us to see those man-slaying barons drawn into the monastic life, often as by a force they could not resist. Strange conversions took place. They hovered near the abbey, half knowing, half dreading their fate : retired from it and returned, as a moth returns to the candle, with increased haste. Mr. Morison tells the stories of knights riding to a tournament or a fair putting up over night at the welcome and opportune monastery, and spending a quieter night than was usual with them. And the place, and solemnity, and order of the monastery had not been witnessed in vain. The psalm singing, and the ceremonies, and the music of the frequent bells, sent emotions of awe and gentleness into the wearied hearts of one or two. Perhaps they noticed some old companion in arms, who was heard last shouting in the shock of battle, now, instead, shouting Gregorian chants. The rude barbarian nature is touched, and stays or returns, to seek peace in the monastery too. There was peace in the monastery, no doubt ; but those hearts which beat so vehemently beneath the cuirass and the breastplate we may be sure often chafed against the new rigours of the cage. The peace, however, which others felt—the peace which so profoundly breathes along the sermons on the Canticles, was scarcely the possession of the mighty Abbot. He experienced rather a foretaste of its pleasures, and presented it in his mellifluous eloquence. He was called upon in his vast correspondence to interfere not only in the care of all the churches, but persons of distinction throughout Europe seem to have thought that Bernard's time, attention, and influence should be at their disposal. Bishops in England, the Queen of Jerusalem, the King of France, and Italy, and Britain, and abbots and ecclesiastics without number.

And his brother Gerard fell sick and died—he was one of the brethren of Clairvaux. The bereaved Abbot performed for him, whom he had most tenderly loved, the funeral service. The

thing to know what are those feet which the Scripture so frequently mentions in connection with God. Sometimes he is mentioned as standing on them, as 'We will worship in the place where thy feet have stood;' sometimes as walking, as 'I will dwell in them and will walk in them;' sometimes even as running, as 'He rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.' If it appear right to the apostle to call the head of Christ God, it appears to me as not unnatural to consider his feet as representing man—one of which I shall name mercy, and the other judgment. Those two words are known to you, and the Scripture makes mention of them in many places.

"On these two feet, fitly moving under one divine head, Christ, born of a woman, he who was invisible under the law, then made Emmanuel [God with us], was seen on the earth, and conversed with men. Of a truth, he even now passes amongst us, relieving and healing those oppressed by the devil; but spiritually and invisibly. With these feet, I say, he walks through devout minds, incessantly purifying and searching the hearts and reins of the faithful.

"Happy is that mind in which the Lord Jesus has placed both of these feet. You may recognise that mind by these two signs, which it must necessarily bear as the marks of the divine footprints. These are hope and fear. The first representing the image of judgment, the other of mercy. Justly doth the Lord take pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy; seeing that fear is the beginning of wisdom, of which also hope is the increase, and charity the consummation. These things being so, in this first kiss which is received at the feet, is not a little fruit; only be careful that you are not robbed of either kiss. If you are pricked by the pain of sin, and the fear of judgment, you have pressed your lips on the foot of judgment and truth. If you temper this fear and pain by regarding the divine goodness, and by the hope of forgiveness, you may know that you have embraced the foot of mercy. It profits not to kiss one without the other, because the dwelling on judgment only casts you into the abyss of desperation, while a deceitful trust in mercy generates the worst kind of security.

"To me also, wretched one, it has been given sometimes to sit beside the feet of the Lord Jesus, and with all devotion to embrace first one, then the other, as far as his loving-kindness condescended to permit me. But if ever, forgetful of mercy, through the stings of conscience I have dwelt too long on the thought of judgment, at once cast down with incredible fear and confusion, enveloped in dark shadows of horror, breathless from out of the deeps I cried, 'Who knoweth the power of thy wrath, and through fear of thee who can reckon thy displeasure:' if it has chanced that I have then clung too closely to the foot of mercy, after forsaking the other, such carelessness and indifference have come upon me, that my prayers have grown cold, my work has been neglected, my speech has been less cautious, my laughter more ready, and the whole state of both my outer and inner man less firm. Learning then from experience, not

judgment alone, nor mercy alone, but mercy and judgment together, will I sing unto thee, O Lord; I will never forget those justifications; they both shall be my song in the house of my pilgrimage, until mercy being exalted above judgment, then misery shall cease, and my glory shall sing to thee for ever, and not be silent."'

These were the discourses which charmed multitudes to the cloisters of Clairvaux. In our day the practical bias of life has so eclipsed and outstripped the speculative that it is difficult to conceive how men could have renounced all earthly claims and every earthly emolument and position, that they might have the opportunity of listening to such spiritual raptures, and indulging in the austere pleasures of the spiritual life. It is quite wonderful to us to see those man-slaying barons drawn into the monastic life, often as by a force they could not resist. Strange conversions took place. They hovered near the abbey, half knowing, half dreading their fate: retired from it and returned, as a moth returns to the candle, with increased haste. Mr. Morison tells the stories of knights riding to a tournament or a fair putting up over night at the welcome and opportune monastery, and spending a quieter night than was usual with them. And the place, and solemnity, and order of the monastery had not been witnessed in vain. The psalm singing, and the ceremonies, and the music of the frequent bells, sent emotions of awe and gentleness into the wearied hearts of one or two. Perhaps they noticed some old companion in arms, who was heard last shouting in the shock of battle, now, instead, shouting Gregorian chants. The rude barbarian nature is touched, and stays or returns, to seek peace in the monastery too. There was peace in the monastery, no doubt; but those hearts which beat so vehemently beneath the cuirass and the breastplate we may be sure often chafed against the new rigours of the cage. The peace, however, which others felt—the peace which so profoundly breathes along the sermons on the Canticles, was scarcely the possession of the mighty Abbot. He experienced rather a foretaste of its pleasures, and presented it in his mellifluous eloquence. He was called upon in his vast correspondence to interfere not only in the care of all the churches, but persons of distinction throughout Europe seem to have thought that Bernard's time, attention, and influence should be at their disposal. Bishops in England, the Queen of Jerusalem, the King of France, and Italy, and Britain, and abbots and ecclesiastics without number.

And his brother Gerard fell sick and died—he was one of the brethren of Clairvaux. The bereaved Abbot performed for him, whom he had most tenderly loved, the funeral service. The

brother had been also tenderly and deeply loved by his brethren, and when his spirit passed we are told how the sobs and tears of others, not less than those of Bernard, expressed their grief. Gerard was his second brother. He had been a bold knight, and had taken a worldly view of the Abbot's early enthusiasm. 'Ah!' said the young preacher, 'tribulation will give thee understanding, and thou shalt fear greatly, but shalt in nowise perish.' There was a prophecy in the words: tribulation came. 'I turn monk,' said he; 'a monk of Citeaux.' He was one of his brother's first converts; but upon the day of his death it was a part of his duty to pursue his exposition of the song of songs, and at the appointed time he ascended the pulpit, and preached that funeral sermon which is also one of the most famous of the whole course, from Solomon's Song i. 5: 'As the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon'—that is, dark as is the first, comely as is the last.

We quote again from these extraordinary expositions, so illustrative of the pulpit method of the cloisters of the middle ages—'As the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.'

"We must begin from this point, because it was here that the preceding sermon was brought to a close. You are waiting to hear what these words mean, and how they are connected with the previous clause, since a comparison is made between them. Perhaps both members of the comparison, viz., 'As the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon,' refer only to the first words, 'I am black.' It may be, however, that the simile is extended to both clauses, and each is compared with each. The former sense is the more simple, the latter the more obscure. Let us try both, beginning with the latter, which seems the more difficult. There is no difficulty, however, in the first comparison, 'I am black as the tents of Kedar,' but only in the last. For Kedar, which is interpreted to mean 'darkness' or 'gloom,' may be compared with blackness justly enough; but the curtains of Solomon are not so easily likened to beauty. Moreover, who does not see that 'tents' fit harmoniously with the comparison? For what is the meaning of 'tents,' except our bodies, in which we sojourn for a time. Nor have we an abiding city, but we seek one to come. In our bodies, as under tents, we carry on warfare. Truly, we are violent to take the kingdom. Indeed, the life of man here on earth is a warfare; and as long as we do battle in this body, we are absent from the Lord, *i.e.*, from the light. For the Lord is light, and so far as any one is not in him, so far he is in darkness, *i.e.*, in Kedar. Let each one then acknowledge the sorrowful exclamation as his own: 'Woe is me that my sojourn is prolonged! I have dwelt with those who dwell in Kedar. My soul hath long sojourned in a strange land.' Therefore this habitation of the body is not the mansion of the citizen, nor

the house of the native, but either the soldier's tent or the traveller's inn. This body, I say, is a tent, and a tent of Kedar, because, by its interference, it prevents the soul from beholding the infinite light, nor does it allow her to see the light at all, except through a glass darkly, and not face to face.

“Do you not see whence blackness comes to the church—whence a certain rust cleaves to even the fairest souls? Doubtless, it comes from the tents of Kedar, from the practice of laborious warfare, from the long continuance of a painful sojourn, from the straits of our greivous exile, from our feeble cumbersome bodies; for the corruptible body presseth down the soul, and the earthy tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth upon many things. Therefore the souls' desire to be loosed, that being freed from the body they may fly into the embraces of Christ. Wherefore one of the miserable ones said, groaning—‘Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!’ For a soul of this kind knoweth that, while in the tents of Kedar, she cannot be entirely free from spot or wrinkle, nor from some stains of blackness, and wishes to go forth and to put them off. And here we have the reason why the spouse calls herself black as the tents of Kedar. But now, how is she beautiful as the curtains of Solomon? Behind these curtains I feel that an indescribable holiness and sublimity are veiled, which I dare not presume to touch, save at the command of Him who shrouded and sealed the mystery. For I have read, He that is a searcher of Majesty shall be overwhelmed with the glory. I pass on therefore. It will devolve on you, meanwhile, to obtain grace by your prayers, that we may the more readily, because more confidently, recur to a subject which needs attentive minds; and it may be that the pious knocker at the door will discover what the bold explorer seeks in vain.”

The bursting forth of the grief is most pathetic and beautiful. ‘It was fitting that I should depend for everything on him who was everything to me. He left me but little besides the name and honour of superintendent, for he did the work. I was called Abbot, but he monopolised the Abbot's cares.’

“You know, my children, the reasonableness of my sorrow—you know the lamentable wound I have received. You appreciate what a friend has left me in this walk of life which I have chosen—how prompt to labour, how gentle in manner! Who was so necessary to me? To whom was I equally dear? He was my brother by blood, but more than brother by religion. Deplore my misfortune, I beseech you, who know these things. I was weak in body, and he sustained me; downcast in spirit, and he comforted me; slow and negligent, and he stimulated me; careless and forgetful, and he admonished me. Whither hast thou been torn from me—whither hast thou been carried from my arms, O thou man of one mind with me, thou man after my own heart? We loved each other in life:

how are we separated in death! O most bitter separation, which nothing could have accomplished but death! For when wouldst thou have deserted me in life? Truly, a horrible divorce, altogether the work of death. Who would not have had pity on the sweet bond of our mutual love but death, the enemy of all sweetness? Well has raging death done his work; for, by taking one, he has stricken two. Is not this death to me also? Yea, verily, more to me than to Gerard—to me to whom life is preserved far gloomier than any death. I live that I may die living, and shall I call that life? How much more merciful, O stern death, hadst thou deprived me of the use, than of the fruit of life. For life without fruit is a more grievous death. Again, a double ruin is prepared for the unfruitful tree—the axe and the fire. Hating, therefore, the labours of my hands, thou hast removed from me the friend through whose zeal chiefly they bore fruit, if they ever did. Better would it have been for me, O Gerard! to have lost my life than thy presence, who wert the anxious instigator of my studies in the Lord, my faithful helper, my careful examiner. Why, I ask, have we loved, only to lose one another? Hard lot! but I am to be pitied, not he; for if thou, dear brother, hast lost dear ones they are replaced by dearer still; but what consolation awaits wretched me, deprived of thee, my only comfort? Equally pleasing to both was the companionship of our bodies by reason of the unison of our minds, but the separation has wounded only me. The joys of life were shared between us; its sadness and gloom are mine alone. God's wrathful displeasure goeth over me, and his indignation lieth hard upon me. The delights we derived from each other's society and conversation, I only have lost, whilst thou hast exchanged them for others, and in the exchange great has been thy gain.

“In place of us, dearest brother, whom thou hast not with thee to-day, what an exceeding multitude of joys and blessings is thine! Instead of me thou hast Christ; nor canst thou feel thy absence from thy brethren here, now that thou rejoicest in choruses of angels. Nothing, therefore, can make thee deplore the loss of our society, seeing that the Lord of Majesty and the hosts of Heaven vouchsafe to thee their presence. But what have I in thy stead? What would I not give to know what thou now thinkest of thy Bernard, tottering amid cares and afflictions, and bereaved of thee, the staff of my weakness; if, indeed, it be permitted to one who is plunged into the abyss of light, and absorbed in the great ocean of eternal felicity, still to think of the miserable inhabitants of the earth. It may be that though thou knewest us in the flesh, thou knowest us no more, and since thou hast entered into the powers of the Lord, thou rememberest only His justice, forgetful of us. Moreover, he that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit, and is entirely changed into one holy feeling; neither can he think of or wish for aught but God and the things which God thinks and wishes, being full of God. But God is Love, and the more closely a man is united to God the fuller he is of love. Further, God is without passions,

but not without sympathy, for His nature is always to have mercy and to spare. Therefore thou must needs be merciful, since thou art joined to the Merciful One, although misery now be far from thee. Thou canst compassionate others although thou sufferest not thyself. Thy love is not weakened, but changed. Nor because thou hast put on God hast thou laid aside all care for us, for 'He also careth for us.' Thou hast discarded thine infirmities, but not thy affections. 'Charity never faileth :' thou wilt not forget me at the last.

"I fancy I hear my brother saying to me, 'Can a woman forget her suckling child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.' Truly it were lamentable if he did. Thou knowest, Gerard, where I am, where I lie, where thou leftest me. No one is by, to stretch forth a hand to me. I look, as I have been wont to do in every emergency, to Gerard, and he is not there. Then do I groan as one that hath no help. Whom shall I consult in doubtful matters? To whom shall I trust in trial and misfortune? Who will bear my burdens? Who will protect me from harm? Did not Gerard's eyes prevent my steps? Alas, my cares and anxieties entered more deeply into Gerard's breast than into my own, ravaged it more freely, wrung it more acutely. His wise and gentle speech saved me from secular conversation, and gave me to the silence which I loved. The Lord had given him a learned tongue, so that he knew when it was proper to speak. By the prudence of his answers, and the grace given him from above, he so satisfied both our own people and strangers, that scarcely any one needed me who had previously seen Gerard. He hastened to meet the visitors, placing himself in the way lest they should disturb my leisure. Such as he could not dispose of himself, those he brought into me; the rest he sent away. O diligent man! O faithful friend!"

We have quoted lengthily Mr. Morison's admirable and vigorous translation, for, indeed, this is one of the most wonderful of funeral orations.

To dwell upon all the minor details of the life of the illustrious churchman would be to write at length the history of the times. The year following that in which his brother died, 1140, when he was forty-nine years of age, that great duel was fought which has never been allowed to pass from the memory, not merely of scholars, but even of cursory readers—the contest of Bernard with the heresies of Abelard. Space gives no room to dwell upon the romantic history and fortunes of that most famous of heresiarchs. From his pages innumerable heretics have filled their minds with qualms and crotchets, sometimes of conscience, more frequently of notion and opinion. Perhaps he may be best described by saying, that what David Hume has been to our own and to the previous age, that Abelard was to his own and

to the immediately subsequent times. He pierced into that dread domain in which men inquire for human and philosophical reasons—where they declare their wish to understand as well as believe. He and his disciples were the unconscious parents of a good deal. But when he was condemned and sent in custody to the monastery of St. Bernard, it is impossible not to feel the anguish which extorted from him that cry—

‘Good Jesus, where wast thou then!’

But he was a vain, sensitive, Rousseau-like being: yet it is also impossible not to notice how much of noble there was in his character, and how he laboured, with practical earnestness, to reform many of the crying abuses of the Church. Upon Bernard, to whom religion was faith and certainty, or nothing, we can easily conceive he would look with a haughty and supercilious condescension and pity. We pass all his interesting relations with Heloise, which have also, no doubt, materially added to his fame. But the mind of the man could not rest and be still and silent, and he was the apostle of free inquiry. His inquirers had even pierced into the holiest of all—the very ark of the Trinity. The disputes of the age were most significant; and Abelard and Bernard, as the foremost men, must inevitably come into collision. Bernard denounced the opinions of Abelard, and Abelard challenged Bernard to a logical disputation. All our readers know of that great gathering, that expected tournament at Sens, and how, to the amazement of that wonderful assembly, when the hour came, Abelard refused to plead, but appealed from his adversary and from the assembly to Rome.

As Bernard drew near to the close of his life, his strength, like that of meaner men, became labour and sorrow, especially as the time came when he very earnestly desired to rest altogether. He was called to preach before the Pope and the King of France the second crusade. Vezelai was the place fixed for that wondrous gathering. The town could not hold the people assembled. The vast throng was convened upon the declivity of a hill overlooking the plain of Vezelai; the king, Louis VII., and his queen were there; barons and knights, and innumerable multitudes of hardly wrought peasants. But king, or queen, or nobles, were not the objects of attraction. Bernard of Clairvaux was there on the top of the hill. A high platform of wood was raised. On this stood the preacher and the king alone. Thence he could be seen by all, if not heard; and from those lips flew the words of love, aspiration, and sublime self-sacrifice. The wondrous light of that thin, calm face, the flash of tender-

ness and terror from those dove-like eyes, communicated themselves to the crowd. Then rose the cry for 'Crosses! crosses!' the murmur from the vast sea of faces. He scattered them broadcast among the people. They were soon exhausted. He tore up his monk's cowl to satisfy the demand. He did nothing but make crosses so long as he remained in the town. The mind of Europe spoke through Bernard. The crusade was proclaimed. And now he travelled through Germany to preach the second crusade at Friburg, Basle, Constance, Spire, Cologne, Frankfort, Mayence; and, wherever he went, there the same tumult gathered round him. A daily repetition of the scene on the hill of Vezelai took place. A simultaneous rush of the whole population to see him and to hear him, and then the assumption of the cross by the larger portion of the able-bodied male inhabitants. Bernard says, that scarcely one man was left to seven women. At Frankfort, he nearly lost his life. The crowd so beset him that he was in danger of being suffocated. Conrad the Emperor for a time did his best to keep off the press; but it was more than he could do. At last, laying aside his cloak, he gripped Bernard in his brawny arms, and hoisting him over his shoulders, carried him away in safety. A procession of miracles, too, attended him on his way; but they astonished him. 'I can't think,' he says, 'what these miracles mean.' It is altogether a sad, painful story of the fanaticism, not only of a great mind, but of the age. We turn with pleasure from his wild proclamation of the fanaticism of the sword against the Infidel, to his equally enthusiastic, and more noble and Christian defence of the Jews from the horrors of persecution. His defence of this much-misused people was one of the few items of our saint's history in which he was in advance of his age.

The crusade was, as our readers know, one long disaster; and the fate of the mighty movement was sharply visited upon the head of its chief apostle. But other cares pressed upon him, especially the conquest of innumerable heresies, the writing of many books and letters connected with the defence of the faith, and also with efforts to repress the rising of the papacy, of which he only saw the beginning.

He died at the age of sixty-two. As he was dying, even ecclesiastics gathered round his dying bed to talk of public affairs; but they could not interest him. 'Marvel not,' said he, 'I am already no longer of this world.' Earnest contentings of prayerful struggles went on around, and in the delirium of their grief, his friends implored him to stay; and they created some contest in the mind of the expiring saint, but only

to the lifting his eyes, and the expression of his wish that God's will might be done.

We heartily commend Mr. Morison's volume, as quite the most delightful account of the last of the Fathers with which we are acquainted; giving, too, not only a clear view of the man, but of the cloister of his age.

II.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD.—MY LORD DEACON.*

WE should be sorry to yield to the prevailing impression that these two clever but spiteful volumes are the production of the gentle pen of Mrs. Oliphant, whose numerous and charming fictions have acquired a popularity of a widely different order, and have been much more famous for their constant supply of soothing oils than irritating vinegars: but for their universal ascription to her pen, we should have had no hesitation in assigning them to the stronger, but more unhealthy and indeed eminently morbid pen of the author of 'Adam Bede'; and if not by the latter writer, the traces of that influence are preceptible in every page. The humour which sketches individual characters and enters into the nice individualities and idiosyncrasies; the occasional bitter and burning revolt against the ordinations of Providence in the mysteries of life; the clever delineations, especially of chapel ways and manners, so abundant in 'Adam Bede' and 'Silas Marner'; sketches of the darker and more tragic thoughts of suffering human hearts;—all these, which are especially the province of that writer, abound in these volumes; and if it be true that Mrs. Oliphant, beneath the pressure of the influence of certainly a stranger character, has forsaken her gentle and amiable walk, for that which in these volumes separates her last by so broad a line of distinction from the previous efforts of her pen, we shall grieve that the lovers of fiction are likely to lose one of the most healthy and refreshing of their ministers. So much we say of the book in general. But our motive for introducing it to our readers is *our* more especial concern with it. It professes to set forth the peculiar characteristics and denomi-

* *Chronicles of Carlingford.—Salem Chapel.* Two Vols. Blackwood.

national faults and inconsistencies of Congregationalism. Our first remarks, therefore, may be devoted to this aspect of it. Salem Chapel is intended as the photograph of one of our 'interests' in a small country town. Here is the picture of it:—

'Towards the west end of Grove Street, in Carlingford, on the shabby side of the street, stood a red brick building, presenting a pinched gable terminated by a curious little belfry, not intended for any bell, and looking not unlike a handle to lift up the edifice by to the public observation. This was Salem Chapel, the only Dissenting place of worship in Carlingford. It stood in a narrow strip of ground, just as the little houses which flanked it on either side stood in their gardens, except that the enclosure of the chapel was flowerless and sombre, and showed at the farther end a few sparsely-scattered tombstones—unmeaning slabs, such as the English mourner loves to inscribe his sorrow on. On either side of this little tabernacle were the humble houses—little detached boxes, each two storeys high, each fronted by a little flower-plot—clean, respectable, meagre, little habitations, which contributed most largely to the ranks of the congregation in the Chapel. The big houses opposite, which turned their backs and staircase windows to the street, took little notice of the humble Dissenting community. Twice in the winter, perhaps, the Miss Hemmings, mild evangelical women, on whom the late rector—the Low-Church rector, who reigned before the brief and exceptional incumbency of the Rev. Mr. Proctor—had bestowed much of his confidence, would cross the street, when other profitable occupations failed them, to hear a special sermon on a Sunday evening. But the Miss Hemmings were the only representatives of anything which could, by the utmost stretch, be called Society, who ever patronised the Dissenting interest in the town of Carlingford. Nobody from Grange Lane had ever been seen so much as in Grove Street on a Sunday, far less in the Chapel. Greengrocers, dealers in cheese and bacon, milkmen, with some dressmakers of inferior pretensions, and teachers of day schools of similar humble character, formed the *élite* of the congregation. It is not to be supposed, however, on this account, that a prevailing aspect of shabbiness was upon this little community; on the contrary, the grim pews of Salem Chapel blushed with bright colours, and contained both dresses and faces on the summer Sundays which the Church itself could scarcely have surpassed. Nor did those unadorned walls form a centre of asceticism and gloomy religiousness in the cheerful little town. Tea-meetings were not uncommon occurrences in Salem—tea-meetings which made the little tabernacle festive, in which cakes and oranges were diffused among the pews, and funny speeches made from the little platform underneath the pulpit, which woke the unconsecrated echoes with hearty outbreaks of laughter. Then the young people had their singing-class, at which they practised hymns, and did not despise a little flirtation; and charitable societies and missionary auxiliaries diversified the congregational routine, and kept up a brisk

succession of "Chapel business," mightily like the Church business which occupied Mr. Wentworth and his Sisters of Mercy at St. Roque's. To name the two communities, however, in the same breath, would have been accounted little short of sacrilege in Carlingford. The names which figured highest in the benevolent lists of Salem Chapel, were known to society only as appearing, in gold letters, upon the backs of those mystic tradesmen's books, which were deposited every Monday in little heaps at every house in Grange Lane. The Dissenters, on their part, aspired to no conquests in the unattainable territory of high life, as it existed in Carlingford. They were content to keep their privileges among themselves, and to enjoy their superior preaching and purity with a compassionate complaisance.'

It is impossible to read this description without seeing the, certainly not latent, spitefulness, manifest in every syllable. Our large-hearted and gentle-spirited cotemporary, *The Saturday Review*, signs, to our mind, the warrant of character for the book, when it speaks of its spirit of justice and toleration, and crowns it with the encomiastic eulogy that 'no one could have discharged better than the authoress the difficult task of depicting the weak and ludicrous side of Dissent, without ever passing into an arrogant assumption of superiority, or sneering with idle bitterness at the creed of shopkeepers and the illusions of Homerton.' Yes, this is just the purpose of the book—to show that all Congregationalists are butter merchants and poulterers, and that the students of Homerton always drop the aspirate in the pronunciation of their *Alma Mater*. And now our readers, if they feel disposed to plunge into these pages, will start fair. When *The Saturday Review* talks about 'justice and toleration towards Dissent,' we may be sure that a large cruets filled with insolence is to spice and season the literary dish. Down to Carlingford, upon the resignation of Mr. Tufton, the old minister of Salem Chapel, who, spiritual and homely, had been wont to impend over the desk and exhort his 'beloved brethren,' comes Arthur Vincent, fresh from 'Omerton,' creating quite a rustle, as he appears, in the bloom of hope and intellectualism; a young man of the newest school, white browed, white handed, in snowy linen and glossy clerical apparel, to be recognised in the stead of the venerable Tufton. We are bound to say that we wish we could think our various colleges were preparing for our pulpits many men of the apparent strength of Arthur Vincent, especially as we are told that for his education in our principles he was greatly indebted to *The Nonconformist* and—here we feel the titillation of pleasurable emotion—THE ECLECTIC REVIEW!! Well, he succeeds in crowding the chapel; the seats let famously; Mr.

Vincent, in fact, creates a stir in Carlingford—becomes the centre of affectionate *soirées* in the drawing-rooms of the butter-mongers and poulterers, and excites thrillings of delightful hope in the gentle hearts of buttermongers' daughters. The story properly divides itself into two parts, which run side by side. Perhaps the author doubted whether the ceremonies of Salem Chapel would be of sufficient interest to hold the attention of readers in 'Blackwood,' and novel readers in general. Side by side with these delineations, then, runs a tragedy, with all its black streams of passion and incident. To this we may refer presently. It is quite evident to us that whoever the writer may be, while certainly knowing very much of the domestic life of a Congregational church, he or she is yet, in many matters, in the profoundest ignorance. Among the many hundreds of Congregational churches, of which it has been our pleasure and honour to know something, we never knew one quite like that 'Salem' of 'Carlingford.' When Mr. Vincent sought, at the instigation of Tozer, to give a course of lectures, 'I'd give 'em a coorse, sir; there's nothing takes in our connection like a coorse,' it was all very well, but a course of lectures, by a young and newly-settled minister, in the Music Hall, on Church and State, we don't think would usually be regarded as either desirable or likely to prove successful; or, as the immortal 'Beecher' of 'Omerton,' who ultimately becomes Vincent's successor, said, 'a' it.' We never heard of an incident like this, and we don't suppose the author of the Chronicles ever heard of such; but then, of course, the thing is a fiction. The character of Vincent is a very well drawn character; very well sustained; full of defects as a character; a remarkable proportion of nervous goose, with also, apparently, great strength of nervous eloquence; a man, in fact, decidedly above the mental and spiritual level of 'Pigeon, the poulterer,' and 'Tozer, the butterman,' the two great deacons of Salem. This is the purpose of the book, to show that all ministers belonging to Congregational communities are a sort of vulgar and unctuous 'Tufton,' or young, nervous, unmanaging, and unmanageable beings, and that a Congregational church is just a place for 'Tozers' and 'Pigeons' to go ramping about in—'Dear Tozer,' as old Tufton calls him.

"I am afraid, Adelaide, my dear," said Mr. Tufton, in his bass tones, "that my young brother will not think this very improving conversation. Dear Tozer was speaking to me yesterday about the sermon to the children. I always preached them a sermon to themselves about this time of the year. My plan has been to take the congregation in classes; the young men—ah, and they're specially important, are the young men! Dear Tozer suggested that some

popular lectures now would not come amiss. After a long pastorate like mine," said the good man blandly, unconscious that dear Tozer had already begun to suggest a severance of that tie before gentle sickness did it for him, "a congregation may be supposed to be a little unsettled,—without any offence to you, my dear brother. If I could appear myself and show my respect to your ministry, it would have a good effect, no doubt; but I am laid aside, laid aside, brother Vincent! I can only help you with my prayers."

"My dear young brother, you shall have my experience to refer to always. You're always welcome to my advice. Dear Tozer said to me just yesterday, 'You point out the pitfalls to him, Mr. Tufton, and give him your advice, and I'll take care that he shan't go wrong outside,' says dear Tozer. Ah, an invaluable man!"

And so Vincent, in addition to Tozer within the church, has Tufton, with tremendous bass, and large, soft, flabby, ministerial hands, outside. Still the success goes on:—

"Three more pews applied for this week—fifteen sittings in all," said Mr. Tozer; "that's what I call satisfactory, that is. We mustn't let the steam go down—not on no account. You keep well at them of Sundays, Mr. Vincent, and trust to the managers, sir, to keep 'em up to their dooty. Me and Mr. Tufton was consulting the other day. He says as we oughtn't to spare you, and you oughtn't to spare yourself. There hasn't been such a opening not in our connection for fifteen year. We all look to you to go into it, Mr. Vincent. If all goes as I expect, and you keep up as you're doing, I see no reason why we shouldn't be able to put another fifty to the salary next year."

And so the deacon desires to have the church folks touched up in the Church and State line. To us, who know how really difficult it is to get our people to move in, or to think upon, the political relations of Dissent at all, this is really very funny. However, 'a coorse,' as we have seen, was determined upon to be given to the good folks of Carlingford, to which they were to be admitted free, for the immortal and judicious Tozer remarks, when the economical suggestion that the burden of expense might be lightened if sixpence a head was charged for expenses, 'No, if we was amusing the people, we might charge sixpence a head, but their ain't twenty men in Carlingford, nor in no other place, as would give sixpence to have their minds enlightened. No, sir, we are a conferring of a boon, and let's do it handsomely.' Vincent was not especially disposed to the 'coorse'; believed that there have been enlightened men in the Church of England; 'the inconsistencies of the human mind are wonderful, and it is coming to be pretty well understood in the intellectual world that a man may show the most penetrating genius and yet be in bondage

to rite and ceremony ; in our clearer atmosphere we are bound to exercise Christian charity.'

'Mr. Tozer paused with a "humph!" of uncertainty; rather dazzled with the fine language, but doubtful of the sentiment. At length light seemed to dawn upon the excellent buttermilk. "Bless my soul! that's a new view," said Tozer; "that's taking the superior line over them! My impression is as that would tell beautiful. Eh! it's famous, that is! I've heard a many gentlemen attacking the Church, like, from down below, and giving it her about her money and her greatness, and all that; but our clearer atmosphere—there's the point! I always knew as you was a clever young man, Mr. Vincent, and expected a deal from you; but that's a new view, that is!"'

The lectures created a stir, as we have seen; brought in the beautiful young Dowager, Lady Western, to hear; coming to his lectures, simply as a 'distraction,' drawing her white cloak, with a pretty shiver, over her white shoulders.

"Oh, Mr. Vincent, how very clever and wicked of you!" cried Lady Western. "I am so horrified, and charmed. To think of you attacking the poor dear old Church, that we all ought to support through everything! And I am such a stanch churchwoman, and so shocked to hear all this; but you won't do it any more."

'Saying this, lady Western leaned her beautiful hand upon Mr. Vincent's table, and looked in his face with a beseeching insinuating smile. The poor minister did all he could to preserve his virtue. He looked aside at Lady Western's companion to fortify himself, and escape the enervating influence of that smile.

"I cannot pretend to yield the matter to your ladyship," said Vincent, "for it had been previously arranged that this was to be the last of my lectures at present. I am sorry it did not please you."

"But it did please me," said the young Dowager; "only that it was so very wicked and wrong. Where did you learn such dreadful sentiments? I am so sorry I shan't hear you again, and so glad you are finished. You never came to see me after my little *fête*. I am afraid you thought us stupid. Good-night: but you really must come to me, and I shall convert you. I am sure you never can have looked at the Church in the right way: why, what would become of us if we were all Dissenters? What a frightful idea! Thank you for such a charming evening. Good-night."

And in fact the unhappy Vincent plunges head over ears in love with the beautiful Dowager—one of those sweet, fascinating, characterless creatures who swim before us in the pages of our later fictions; to whom authors are fond of giving the infinite superfluities of waves of silk, the maximum of dress, and the minimum of soul. And the visits to Grange Lane, the house

of Lady Western, excite large jealousies in the hearts of the 'Pigeons,' 'Tozers,' and 'Browns.' When the Rev. Mr. Raffles, of Shoeberry, comes to the celebrated tea party at Salem—'jolly Mr. Raffles,' always in a good humour, with his cheerful sayings to the Miss Phœbes of the congregation—our poor Vincent is too deeply under the influence of the beautiful Dowager to make himself at home with his people, although Phœbe Tozer exerted herself so in the soprano that her pastor's attention was forcibly called off his own meditations, lest something should break in the throat so hardly strained. He fails in pastoral duties, is not seen at the houses and little supper parties in the back rooms of his influential friends, and thus excites the ire of those whose relation to him is sufficiently defined to the mind of our novelist in the following paragraph :—

"If a minister ain't a servant, we pays him his salary at the least, and expects him to please us," said Tozer, sulkily. "If it weren't for that, I don't give a sixpence for the Dissenting connection. Them as likes to please themselves would be far better in a State Church, where it wouldn't disappoint nobody; not meaning to be hard on you as has given great satisfaction, them's my views; but if the Chapel folks is a little particular, it's no more nor a pastor's duty to bear with them, and return a soft answer. I don't say as I'm dead again you, like the women," added the buttermilkman, softening; "they're jealous, that's what they are; but I couldn't find it in my heart, not for my own part, to be hard on a man as was led away after a beautiful creature like that. But there can't no good come of it, Mr. Vincent; take my advice, sir, as have seen a deal of the world—there can't no good come of it. A man as goes dining with Lady Western, and thinking as she means to make a friend of him, ain't the man for Salem. We're different sort of folks, and we can't go on together. Old Mr. Tufton will tell you just the same, as has gone through it all—and that's why I said both him and me had a deal to say to you, as are a young man, and should take good advice."

And then comes the fatal day—for our innocent writer has an idea that the dismissal of a Congregational minister is entirely an affair of the one or two important ones—when after the sermon in Salem, Mr. Tozer, as the consequence of sundry little committee meetings at the buttermilkman's, ascends the pulpit stairs with 'three words of a intimation, a meeting of the flock, as some of us would like to call it, if it's quite agreeable.' It was, in fact, a bed of justice to decide the minister's fate, and Vincent understood it. Promptly he took the paper from the hands of the deacon, and said 'This meeting is one of which I have not been informed; it is one which I am not asked to attend; I invite you to it all who are present, and I invite you

there after,' continued the minister, with an unconscious elevation of the head, 'to meet me on the following evening to hear what I have to say to you.' The worst of this unhappy business was that Lady Western was, on that particular occasion, one of his auditory in Salem. The important meeting is held, of which, says our author, 'the decision of the highest authorities in the land was not so important to Arthur as that of the poulterer and the buttermilk.' Pigeon was the chief of the disaffected, and ready, if contravened in his wishes, to oust the pastor, to attempt to sever the cause by getting up another little interest in the Music Hall. Tufton was there sawing the air over his 'beloved brethren' with white fat hand, impressing on his audience the duty of bearing with his 'dear young brother' and being indulgent to the fault of his youth; and in fact made a speech on behalf of his 'dear young brother' which damaged him very much. Then Tozer rose, who is really a fellow, we think, we should have no objection to for a deacon, with a little counter-balancing material. 'On this occasion,' says our author, 'he made that famous speech which has immortalised him in the connection, and for which the Homerton students voted a piece of plate in their enthusiasm to the brave buttermilk.' For the speech itself we shall refer our readers to the volumes. Mr. Tozer reminded his auditory that the chapel was crowded, and that the seats had been doubled in six months' work. 'This is quarrelling with our bread and butter, and we don't know when we are well off. Yes, them's my sentiments, we don't know when we are well off; and if we don't mind we'll find out how matters really is when we have been and gone and disgusted the pastor, and driv him to throw it all up. Sich a thing ain't uncommon in our connection. Mr. Vincent, I say, as you are all collected here to knock down in the dark, told us in the crowdedest meeting as I ever see in the biggest public hall in Carlingford, as we ain't keeping up the standard of the old Nonconformists, nor showing what a Valtatory Church can do. We have got a precious young man and a clever young man. It's not like Christians, and if it's like Dissenters the more is the pity. It's mean, that's what it is,' cried Tozer, with a fine scorn; 'it's like a parcel of old women, if the ladies won't mind me saying so. It's beneath us as has liberty of conscience to fight for, and has to set an example before the Church folks as don't know no better. This is what we are doing in most places, us Dissenters; them as is talented and promisin', and can get a better living working for the world than working for the chapel, and won't give in to be worried about calling here and calling there — we're a-driving of 'em out of the connection — that's

what we're doing ! I could reckon up as many as six or seven as have been drove off already ; and I ask you, what's the use of subscribing, keeping up colleges, and so forth, if that's how you're a-going to serve every clever young man as trusts hisself to be your pastor ? I'm a man as don't feel no shame to say that the minister, being took up with his family affairs and his studies, has been for weeks as he hasn't crossed my door ; but am I that poor-spirited as I would drive away a young man as is one of the best preachers in the connection, because he don't come, not every day, to see me ? No, my friends ! them as would ever suspect me don't know who they're dealing with ; and I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, as this is a question as must come home to every one of your bosoms. Mr. Vincent's the cleverest young man I ever see in our pulpit to be kept in the connection. If the pastor don't make hisself agreeable, I can put up with that—I can ; but I ain't a-going to see a clever young man drove away from Salem, and the sittings vacant, and the chapel falling to ruin, and the Church folks laughing and jeering at us, not for all the deacons in the connection, nor any man in Carlingford. And this I say for myself and all as stands by me !' Upon this speech the excitement was tremendous ; the Pigeon faction was extinguished. Before the cheers died away a young man of the Carlingford Young Men's Christian Association jumped up on a bench and told how he had been brought up in the connection but had strayed away, till Mr. Vincent brought him back into the fold ; and so, in a perfect tempest of enthusiasm the pastor was placed anew, by an admiring and affectionate people, over his church and congregation. One would think there was little here to move a young man to the resignation of his charge. Such, however, had been Mr. Vincent's rapid determination on the previous Sunday, and the hours between that day and Tuesday only matured the determination. Our impression is, that Tozer and the congregation deserved better treatment. Not a bad fellow that Tozer—a man to be managed ; only when he came to talk with his pastor, and to congratulate him on the result, his ministerial friend threw quite a wet blanket on his excited soul. 'I don't deny as I'm intoxicated, like,' said the deacon ; 'them cheers was enough to take any man off his leygs. We was unanimous—unanimous, that's what we was. I never see such a triumph in our connection. Salem folks has a deal of sense when you put things before 'em effective. It's a meeting as 'll tell in the connection. And now about the meeting as was to be to-morrow night ; there ain't no need for explanations. Me and the missus were a thinking, though it is sudden, it might be turned

into a tea-meeting, just to make things pleasant. I'm aware that you are not one as likes tea-meetings ; and so, if it ain't according to your fancy, send round to all the seat-holders, and say it's given up.' But Vincent would neither ratify the tea-meeting, nor give up the church-meeting ; and so he sent poor old Tozer to groan in his midnight visions, and to disturb the virtuous repose of his wedded partner with the cloud still hovering over Salem. And, at the meeting, the minister resigns, notwithstanding even the entreaties of the penitent Pigeon, with the prospect of an additional fifty pounds salary, and the present of a piece of plate—conciliatory overtures which it was supposed no Dissenting minister bred at Homerton could withstand. He resigns, and vacates the pulpit to his some time fellow-student Beecher, beneath whose more congenial influences—for, as the Pigeons said, 'He was rousing, he was, in his applications—Mr. Vincent was sadly wanting in the application in the pulpit,' and the power to come out strong in tea-meetings. Salem still sustained, in an inferior degree, its place ; and when the little jealousies had subsided consequent upon the wedding of the 'rousing Beecher' with Miss Phoebe Tozer, the successes of Salem seem to have been more upon a level with general wishes and expectations than in the brief period of the nervous and realistic eloquence of the meteoric Vincent.

This is the story—that half of it to which we alluded—the story of Salem ; that part of the story in which, we presume, our readers will be more immediately interested. We have no doubt that thousands of other readers will think a very smart and telling thing has been said against the tactics and domestic economy of Congregationalism. We are free to admit that there are some things which have not only in themselves a considerable portion of truth, as representations of the weaker elements in our organization, from which, also, intelligent Congregationalists will not, therefore, fail to learn lessons. The picture is one-sided, and far from that just and tolerant thing which it seems to the *Saturday Reviewer*. But Congregationalists never, as the writer says, approach to what, by the utmost stretch, can be called society ; that all its members are greengrocers, dealers in cheese and bacon, and second-rate milliners ; that, in fact, Congregationalism represents the creed of shopkeepers ; this is what the *Saturday Reviewer* calls the ludicrous side of Dissent. Thousands of readers will believe all this. We don't feel very sensitive about it. It is to the honour of Congregationalism that it represents the middle class mind of the country ; very frequently, no doubt, wanting in

culture, breadth of knowledge, and that sensitive appreciation of the æsthetic properties of art or life, which is usually only the property of leisure and repose. But these, which are, perhaps, its defects, are incident to the very kind of work it has to do, and to the necessities which surround it. If some clever Congregationalist would draw from the Congregational aspect a picture of the vicarage of Cumberworth, or the incumbency of Roost, things might be painted not only quite as exclusive, but certainly a ground for humour might be obtained far more legitimately than that which so pleasantly occupies the mind of the Chronicler of Carlingford. We have known flabby Tuftons rectors, vicars, and incumbents, and the humours of an unmanageable churchwarden are quite as real as those of the Salem deacons.

‘Oh, why were deacons made so coarse,
Or parsons made so fine?’

But books like the ‘Chronicles of Carlingford,’ only assure us of the jealousy in the minds of Church folk on account of that power which Congregationalism has over the mind of the middle classes. Over the lay masculine mind of the country, Church of Englandism has no power at all. In small country towns, no doubt it is the case that tradespeople, shopkeepers, labourers, and artisans, are its principal supporters; more especially, perhaps, the first classes than the last: but in those same small country towns, among the deacons, will certainly as frequently be found the lawyer, the manufacturer, the banker, as the grocer and the buttermilk. If the fictions of Salem Chapel are to be construed into assertions, they simply imply that these classes do take an interest in religious things. The old church stands from generation to generation, and from age to age, sole-anointed and consecrated property of the surliced priest and silken damsel. There are, no doubt, some things which, in the practical working of our system, look rugged and coarse: they need amending. But even the ‘Chronicles of Carlingford’ develop an amount of real religious acting, if of rather a rough kind, such as we should search for in vain in rectories and parochial structures. We gather that Mr. Vincent, wearing an Anglican coat, and assuming a high clerical aspect—sumptuary laws forbidding such, being clearly impracticable in England—still felt, when he compared himself with the curate of St. Roque’s, that external circumstances stand for something; and that a poor widow’s son, educated at Homerton, and an English squire’s son, public school and university bred, cannot begin on the same level. Moreover, the curate of St. Roque’s possesses the power to scatter a fortune

lavishly round him, and to purchase old people into his church, while Mr. Vincent is dependent entirely upon the sense of personal appreciation his people have of his ministry. These are the things clearly implied by our author, and they are true things; and the insinuations they convey would have been equally true and pertinent of Paul or Apollos, as compared with the white-robed flamens or hierophantic bands of the awful hierarchies against which they protested, and whose aggressions upon human consciences they resisted. Perhaps we are treating too seriously a mere fiction; but we suppose thousands will read this argumentative novel who never would be accessible to argument in any other shape. And meantime we, for our part, should accept the teachings which undoubtedly are conveyed to ears that can hear, which may guide us to the best means of fortifying our system, which has, in itself, the high advantages of freedom, but which, for that very reason, is exposed to the licentiousness of self-will, the exaggerated form of our free churches; as the candied agglomeration of frosted forms is the exaggeration of that laced and starched propriety which, to some minds, is the ideal of the religious life.

As the book is in our hands, we will not lay it down without noticing some of its other characteristics. There is in it much beauty, pathos, and power. Small thanks, we believe, are usually given to reviewers who unfold in their pages the plot, and so destroy the flavour of the story. Poor Vincent has other troubles besides troubles from deacons. We have seen how he permits himself to fall prostrate before the beautiful figure and the bewitching ensnarements of Lady Western. The author does us too much honour in so soft an impeachment. It must be admitted that our ministers seldom approach so near to the fringe of that high society as to be in such danger; and in this case the thing is settled at once by the author as madness. The 'only a cup of coffee, you know, and talk *au discretion*,' to which sweet Lady Western invites him in his first visit to her house, turns out very disastrously for the young man. The overflowing kind and characterless beauty was not for him, and we really think he would have behaved better to that poor old Tozer, had it not been that, unhappily, her marriage with an old sweetheart, who turns up in a very *mal a propos* kind of way, happened on the very day on the evening of which he tendered his resignation. With that same resignation we have no sympathy. We don't encourage our young ministers to think that their work in Church government is to be more free from the other cares, toils, and troubles of this troublesome world. Tea-meetings very especially provoke the ire of our authoress.

She sees in them, and in their success, only Congregational vulgarity and ministerial servility. This is just the lofty way in which Church of England folk fancy they must cut themselves away from all in the religious life that adds to the sociality and pleasures of their people. We know many ministers of the Church of England who are wiser than this in their generation. We see no reason why a Dissenting minister should lose either dignity or sense of dignity by mingling in the sympathetic atmospheres of tea-meetings; and Vincent, we fancy, displayed only a suffering, nervous, irritated, and somewhat vain soul, when the night after the meeting of the church, upon going down to his meeting, he found the room garlanded and prepared, his people suddenly called to rejoice in fervent tides of *souchong* and *bohea* at the triumph of their pastor, and yet all their affection chilled only by his pertinacious resignation. We have said that our writer has drawn with very delicate touches the character of her Nonconformist hero, but the character wants robustness. It is a nervous student we have before us, and we should like one of the practical results from reading these *Chronicles* to be that young ministers should set themselves to work to study how to manage those Tozers and Pigeons. It was a work Paul did not disdain, who became all things to all men; it was a work which made the very grandness and greatness of St. Francis Xavier; and it is true that we fail, perhaps relying too much upon the power of the nervous word in the pulpit, and too little upon graceful, wise, and not un-Christian tactics of domestic and Church management. Why, Church of England people know this; we have commendable books; 'Parochial Guides,' 'Arts of Governing Parishes,' 'Bishoprics of Souls,' &c., &c. If we venture to hint at what seems to us a defect in the training of our young brother Vincent, it is that his nerves were even more highly wrought than his speech, and that he had been better educated in both than in the art of governing himself or guarding the work of his pastorate. The part of the story in which novel readers would be interested is that referring to Vincent's sister. We cannot congratulate our writer upon the plot of her story. In fact, there is but little plot in the story. Vincent's mother and sister reside together, at a considerable distance from Carlingford, and old Mrs. Vincent permits her daughter to be imprudently engaged to a man bearing the name of Fordham, who eventually turns out to be a Colonel Mildmay, and whose wife, living in obscurity and poverty, is one of Vincent's hearers—a Mrs. Hilyard, a thin, dark, eager shadow of a woman—her character, morbid and passionate, overwhelmed with an infinity of sorrows, is just one

of those the author of 'Adam Bede' delights to portray. There is much in her character like Silas Marner. She is petrified with her own great sorrows. She exclaims beneath the weight of them to Vincent, 'You are a priest, and yet you do not curse; is God as careless of a curse as of a blessing?' 'She thinks he will save the innocents yet. She does not know that he stands by like a man and sees them murdered and shines and rains all the same.' In distraction and fear, old Mrs. Vincent hurries to Carlingford to ask her son's advice about some rumours she has heard of Fordham. The character of this old lady seems to us the most perfectly drawn of any in the volumes, excepting that it does not seem very likely that one so affectionate and cautious as she is in all her doings in Carlingford, should have been so off her guard as to permit the visits of Fordham in Lonsdale. Meantime Fordham, or Colonel Mildmay, had himself been to Carlingford, in order to persuade his wife to relinquish to him their child, or to apprise him of the secret of her residence. Vincent becomes aware of the whole relations by being compelled to overhear a conversation between them from his vestry, on the night of that celebrated tea-meeting, when the great Raffles, of Shoeberry, presided. Not knowing the extent of his information, Mrs. Hilyard, who had established a claim of sympathy between herself and the pastor, liking to hear his 'innocent young sermons,' appealed to him to permit her child to find a new refuge with his mother. Thus all matters become complicated. His mother is hurrying from her residence in Lonsdale to Carlingford to see him, the child is finding a refuge with Vincent's sister in Lonsdale, where Fordham, or Mildmay, finds her, and hurries both away. Then comes the loss of Vincent's sister, and the search for her is given with a painful exactness—that wonderful precision and depth of earnest, pathetic, and harrowing painting which has seemed to us as far removed from the style of Mrs. Oliphant as it is the awful charm and fascination of the pages of the author of 'Adam Bede.' Then comes the restoration of Susan Vincent, saved, indeed, from those circumstances which had pressed upon her brother and mother with horrible fear, but no sooner found than charged with the mysterious murder of Mildmay. The reader is at no loss, however, into whose hands to place the invisible pistol, which, although it did not murder, shattered the life of the handsome, heartless man of pleasure. Then the scenery of the room where first, in the delirium of madness or fever, and the harrowing unconsciousness of congestion, the poor and innocent girl lay attended by the aching hearts and loving hands of brother and mother. And when, in the midst of all this riot of desolating sorrow, the flying to and

fro over the country in search of the lost sister, the finding her only to be plunged in deeper sorrow, the author has painted his church as perfectly heartless and careless; indignant, first, that he should go away in his painful search; then, that with aching heart he should shrink from fronting his congregation from the pulpit the Sabbath after his sister was found; and that, in the midst of all these calamities, the church members, the Pigeons, and Browns, and Tozers, should be petulant, because not called upon; and should convene their church meeting while the very thickest of the cloud was hanging over their poor minister's heart, for the purpose of meditating his banishment. We say, to expect that all these things should be believed, even of that most heartless and inhuman institution, a Congregational church, is taxing the credulity of novelists a trifle too far. No, to return to the main matter of dispute, we believe churches are not altogether innocent of a disposition to worry and vex their beloved minister. Wives are said to be rather fond of doing this kind of thing to their beloved husbands; *vice versa* also. It is the relation upon which things that love one another very much stand together. But, in times of deep trial and harrowing tribulation, we have had many opportunities of knowing and seeing, that even Congregational churches have something like a human heart, although the author of the 'Chronicles of Carlingford' would shake her head in grave protest against the statement.

Finally, we have already intimated that some of the characters of the book are not wanting on the morbid side of life. Many of the pages read like the exhibition of rankling wounds and festering sores, in a soul to whom all life, all faiths and creeds, possessed no place of rest for the sole of the foot. If not by the same hand which penned 'Silas Marner,' then there is a pretty close following upon the inspiration of such a book, or such thoughts. To the writer, one might suppose that most sects presented themselves simply from the artist point of view. The human feeling is deep enough, and there is a religious feeling too; but it is plainly a religious feeling unsatisfied; the echo of the book throughout is in that refrain of the innocents, 'Oh, hard and cruel fate! oh, wonderful heart-breaking indifference of heaven! the innocents are murdered, and God looks on like a man, and does not interfere.' Such were the broken thoughts of misery—half thought, half recollection—that ran through Vincent's mind. 'The world does not care,' said he. 'Though our hearts are breaking, it keeps its own time.'

We must close our review of these volumes, to which we certainly should not have devoted so much space, but for the evident intention of the volumes to convey a satire upon our

church usages; and that we have thought them worthy of so lengthy a notice, is the indication that we regard them as possessed of very remarkable power, both of painting and feeling. Just, in no sense of the word, can they be considered; but there are short-comings enough amongst us to make such a sermon not an unprofitable one, if those who are interested will listen. The author has been where she has obtained some considerable acquaintance with the ways and means of our Nonconformist churches, and yet we should suppose that she has studied us rather through the spectacles of another denomination, or through hearsay; and we could very well point to her attention many errors of character and of detail. We suspect it is many a long year since the Geneva gown, which she insists frequently in putting on Vincent's shoulders, was worn in any one of our pulpits. The book is, any way, a very remarkable and powerful performance. We shall close with two extracts, which we may call Vincent's sermon in the night, and Vincent's sermon in the light. The first preached in the morning when, round the unhappy young man, the whole universe seemed reeling, and God scarce seemed to be; when his sister was lying, raving under the cloud and the gloom, and beneath the imputation of horrible crime. The second—the sermon in the light—the unpremeditated outgushing of his feelings, the same day when the crime had been rolled from his sister's history, and the darkness seemed in a measure to be lifting from his mind.

SERMON UNDER THE NIGHT.

“And you'll find a great consolation, take my word, sir, in the thought that you're a-doing of your duty,” said Tozer, shaking his head solemnly, as he rose to go away; “that's a wonderful consolation, Mr. Vincent, to all of us; and especially to a minister that knows he's a-serving his Master and saving souls.”

‘Saving souls! Heaven help him! the words rang in his ears like mocking echoes long after the buttermilk had settled into his arm-chair, and confided to his wife and Phœbe that the pastor was a-coming to himself and taking to his duties, and that we'll tide it over yet. “Saving souls!” the words came back and back to Vincent's bewildered mind. They formed a measure and cadence in their constant repetition, haunting him like some spiritual suggestion, as he looked over, with senses confused and dizzy, his little stock of sermons, to make preparation for the duty which he could not escape. At last he tossed them all away in a heap, seized his pen, and poured forth his heart. Saving souls! what did it mean? He was not writing a sermon. Out of the depths of his troubled heart poured all the chaos of thought and wonder, which leapt into fiery life under that quickening touch of personal misery and unrest. He forgot the bounds of

orthodox speculation—all bounds save those of the drear mortal curtain of death, on the other side of which that great question is solved. He set forth the dark secrets of life with exaggerated touches of his own passion and anguish. He painted out of his own aching fancy a soul innocent, yet stained with the heaviest of mortal crimes: he turned his wild light aside and poured it upon another, foul to the core, yet unassailable by man. Saving souls!—which was the criminal? which was the innocent? A wild confusion of sin and sorrow, of dreadful human complications, misconceptions, of all incomprehensible, intolerable thoughts, surged round and round him as he wrote. Were the words folly that haunted him with such echoes? Could he, and such as he, unwitting of half the mysteries of life, do anything to that prodigious work? Could words help it—vain syllables of exhortation or appeal? God knows. The end of it all was a confused recognition of the One half-known, half-identified, who, if any hope were to be had, held that hope in His hands. The preacher, who had but dim acquaintance with His name, paused, in the half-idiocy of his awakened genius, to wonder, like a child, if perhaps his simple mother knew a little more of that far-off wondrous figure—recognised it wildly by the confused lights as the only hope in earth or heaven—and so rose up, trembling with excitement and exhaustion, to find that he had spent the entire night in this sudden inspiration, and that the wintry dawn, cold and piercing to the heart, was stealing over the opposite roofs, and another day had begun.

This was the sermon which startled half the population of Carlingford on that wonderful Sunday. Salem had never been so full before. Every individual of the Chapel folks was there who could by any means come out, and many other curious inhabitants, full of natural wonder, to see how a man looked, and what he would preach about, concerning whom, and whose family, such mysterious rumours were afloat. The wondering congregation thrilled like one soul under that touch of passion. Faces grew pale, long sobs of emotion burst here and there from the half-terrified excited audience, who seemed to see around them, instead of the every-day familiar world, a throng of those souls whom the preacher disrobed of everything but passion and consciousness and immortality. Just before the conclusion, when he came to a sudden pause all at once, and made a movement forward as if to lay hold of something he saw, the effect was almost greater than the deacons could approve of in chapel. One woman screamed aloud, another fainted, some people started to their feet—all waited with suspended breath for the next words, electrified by the real *life* which palpitated there before them, where life so seldom appears, in the decorous pulpit. When he went on again the people were almost too much excited to perceive the plain meaning of his words, if any plain meaning had ever been in that passionate outcry of a wounded and bewildered soul. When the services were over, many of them watched the precipitate rush which the young preacher made through the crowd into his vestry. He could not wait the dispersion of the flock, as was the usual custom. It was with a buzz of

excitement that the congregation did disperse slowly, in groups, asking each other had such a sermon ever been preached before in Carlingford. Some shook their heads, audibly expressing their alarm lest Mr. Vincent should go too far, and unsettle his mind; some pitied and commented on his looks—women these. He sent them all away in a flutter of excitement, which obliterated all other objects of talk for the moment, even the story in the papers, and left himself in a gloomy splendour of eloquence and uncertainty, the only object of possible comment until the fumes of his wild oration should have died away.

“I said we’d tide it over,” said Tozer, in a triumphant whisper, to his wife. “That’s what he can do when he’s well kep’ up to it, and put on his mettle. The man as says he ever heard anything as was finer, or had more mind in it,” added the worthy buttermilk to his fellow-deacons, “has had more opportunities nor me; and though I say it, I’ve heard the best preachers in our connection. That’s philosophical, that is—there ain’t a man in the Church as I ever heard of as could match that, and not a many as comes out o’ ‘Omerton. We’re not a-going to quarrel with a pastor as can preach a sermon like that, not because he’s had a misfortune in his family.”

SERMON UNDER THE LIGHT.

‘This evening he sat wasting the precious moments in the soft darkness, without knowing a word of what he was to say—without being able to realise the fact, that by and-by he should have to go out through the sharp air echoing with church-bells—to see once more all those watchful faces turned upon him, and to communicate such instruction as was in him to his flock. A sense of exhaustion and satisfaction was in Vincent’s heart. He sat listless in a vague comfort and weariness, his head throbbing with the fumes of his past excitement, yet not aching. It was only now that he realised the rolling off from his head of this dark cloud of horror and shame. Susan was recovering—Susan was innocent. He became aware of the facts much in the same way as his mother became aware of them ere she dropped to sleep in the blessed darkness of the adjoining room. Confused as he was, with his brain still full of the pulsations of the past, he was so far conscious of what had happened. He sat in his reverie, regardless of the time, and everything else that he ought to have attended to. The little maid came and knocked at his door to say his dinner had been waiting for an hour, and he answered, “Yes; he was coming,” but sat still in the darkness. Then the landlady herself, compunctious, beginning to feel the thrills of returning comfort which had entered her house, came tapping softly to say it was near six, and wouldn’t Mr. Vincent take something before it was time for chapel? Mr. Vincent said, “Yes” again, but did not move; and it was only when he heard the church-bells tingling into the night air that he got up at last, and, stealing first to the door of Susan’s room, where he ascertained that she still slept, and then to his

mother's, where he could hear her soft regular breathing in the darkness, he went away in an indescribably exalted condition of mind to Salem and his duty. There is a kind of weakness incident to excitement of mind and neglect of body, which is akin to the ecstatic state in which men dream dreams and see visions. Vincent was in that condition to-night. He was not careful what anybody would say or think; he no longer pictured to himself the upturned faces in Salem, all conscious of the tragedy which was connected with his name. The sense of deliverance in his heart emancipated him, and gave a contrary impulse to his thoughts. In the weakness of an excited and exhausted frame, a certain gleam of the ineffable and miraculous came over the young man. He was again in the world where God stoops down to change with one touch of His finger the whole current of man's life—the world of childhood, of genius, of faith; that other world, dark sphere of necessity and fate, where nothing could stay the development into dread immortality of the obstinate human intelligence, and where dreary echoes of speculation still questioned whether any change were possible in heart and spirit, or if saving souls were a mere figure of speech, floated away far over his head, a dark fiction of despair. In this state of mind he went back to the pulpit where, in the morning, he had thrilled his audience with all those wild complications of thought which end in nothing. Salem was again crowded—not a corner of the chapel remained unfilled; and again, many of the more zealous members were driven out of their seats by the influx of the crowd. Vincent, who had no sermon to preach, and nothing except the fulness that was in his heart to say, took up again his subject of the morning. He told his audience with the unpremeditated skill of a natural orator, that while Reason considered all the desperate chances, and concluded that wonderful work impossible, God, with the lifting of His countenance, with the touch of His power, made the darkness light before Him, and changed the very earth and heavens around the wondering soul. Lifted out of the region of reasonableness himself, he explained to his astonished audience how Reason halts in her conclusions, how miracle and wonder are of all occurrences the most natural, and how, between God and man, there are no boundaries of possibility. It was a strange sermon, without any text or divisions, irregular in its form, sometimes broken in its utterance; but the man who spoke was in a "rapture"—a state of fasting and ecstasy. He saw indistinctly that there were glistening eyes in the crowd, and felt what was somewhat an unusual consciousness—that his heart had made communications to other hearts in his audience almost without his knowing it; but he did not observe that nobody came to the vestry to congratulate him, that Tozer looked disturbed, and that the deacons averted their benign countenances. When he had done his work, he went home without waiting to talk to anybody—without, indeed, thinking any more of Salem—through the crowd, in the darkness, passing group after group in earnest discussion of the minister. He went back still in that exalted condition of mind, unaware that he passed Mrs. Tozer

and Phœbe, who were much disposed to join him—and was in his own house sooner than most of his congregation. All within was quiet, lost in the most grateful and profound stillness. Sleep seemed to brood over the delivered house. Vincent spoke to the doctor, who still waited, and whose hopes were rising higher and higher, and then ate something, and said his prayers, and went to rest like a child. The family, so worn out with labour, and trial, and sorrow, slept profoundly under the quiet stars. Those hard heavens, from which an indifferent God saw the Innocents murdered and made no sign, had melted into the sweet natural firmament, above which the great Father watches unwearied. The sudden change was more than mere deliverance to the young Nonconformist. He slept and took rest in the sweet surprise and thankfulness of his soul. His life and heart, still young and incapable of despair, had got back out of hard anguishes and miseries which no one could soften, to the sweet miraculous world in which circumstances are always changing, and God interferes for ever.'

We cannot say that we regard the book as tolerant or fair ; sometimes not altogether healthy or true ; but we have no hesitation in thanking the author, whoever the author may be, for pointing our attention to some sins in our midst we should like to see sorrowed over and mended, and for a very powerful, human story.

III.

HYMNS.*

THIS volume has already obtained a wide acceptance, nor are we surprised that many have spoken of it as the most perfect and comprehensive collection of sacred songs. Indeed, it is so admirable that we quite envy the excellent compiler the long-continued refreshment and delight the work must have afforded him. At the same time we are compelled to say we wish that a work so comprehensive could have been complete. We suppose, however, that a perfect treasury of sacred song—perfect in all estimations, is impossible ; so accomplished a compiler, however, as Sir Roundell Palmer, should have selected still more widely and perfectly. There are many contributions in the

* *The Book of Praise, from the best English Hymn Writers.* Selected and arranged by Roundell Palmer. Macmillan.

volume, which, for the sake of other insertions not to be found, we could have gladly parted with; and while, in some instances, the omissions of particular contributions strike us as grave, in others we regret the omission of some names altogether which are dear to the Church. We speak thus distinctly, even where a grateful sense of the value of the compilation compels us to speak with considerable warmth of approval from, we venture to think, the too extravagant eulogies with which the work has been received by some of our more immediate coadjutors. We shall take occasion to point, in the course of our remarks, to some of these omissions; meantime we purpose holding the attention of our readers with a few observations on church song. The subject is profoundly interesting, and excites, we believe, even increasing attention; and no wonder, for the history of holy hymns is really the history of the Church. The great hymns of the Church, in all ages, rise like a succession of sacred arches, over which the emotions of multitudes of spirits have passed. Our sacred books carry us back, indeed, to the airs of Palestine; the voices of the soul, strong, intuitional, and clear, rising from the sands of Arabia, or in the majestic antiphones of the temple; the murmur of captive spirits by Babylonish streams, rich and strong, as one writer has somewhat fancifully expressed it, 'as if some blind angel were caught in the strings of the harp;' and then the raptures of the apostles, touched with the altar flame of heaven, were not less than sacred hymns; and from their times what gushes and wails of sacred song come sounding to us, clear and shrill, over the roar of persecuting multitudes, or from desert caves, or lonely churches in catacombs! The rich hymns of the early Fathers are still amongst the most treasured legacies of the Church. Christian hymnology is the treasure-house into which all the best devotions of the men, 'of whom the world was not worthy,' exiled kings, bishops, confessors, and seers, and souls of lowlier state, have been poured, giving to us in some instances the doxology of a life time, and associating through all ages the martyr's or the musician's name with that one particular chord. We have no collection yet at all such as we desire to see, in which the varied tones of human hearts through all times are collected; the surges of old cathedral aisles; low, delicious thrills of convent wailings; thunder peals of the wild, old, rugged people; chants of the ancient martyrs at the stake. The compiler of the tasteful selection before us has gone so far; we do most cordially wish he had gone further. Although the volume purports to be a selection only of the notes of English praise, he has given us a few translations from the Latin and German hymns; but the great forests of ancient song are uninterred; the glorious and wonderful

hymns of the Greek Church are quite unquoted ; yet some have been admirably translated. The treasures of Latin hymns, and even many of the more popular of the great vernacular German chants, we do not find. We do not say this so much by way of finding fault, as for the purpose of indicating how much yet remains to be done ; for the hymns of the Church are the lamps of the Church ; they are the myriad lights which stream through the darkness of the dark centuries, and they furnish the fresher beam of the new illumination, lighting the shrines and altars and chapels of modern times. What is a hymn ? St. Augustine has, in a well-known passage, defined a hymn to have, necessarily, a three-fold function. It must be praise ; it must be praise to God ; it must be praise in the form of song. These limitations, essential as they seem, would, perhaps, curtail many of our selections. We should then have to exclude much of that meditative devotion with which our best books abound ; much also of that too painful and curious self-anatomy with which many of our best hymn writers permit their strains to exhibit. Yet we should be far from thinking that the test of sacred song which Augustine has supplied, and which a very able writer in 'The Quarterly Review,' in an article on hymnology, has quoted with approbation.* This test, applied to the great hymnals and hymnologists of the Church of the middle ages would, we apprehend, be quite a failure. It is true that praise, and praise to God, and praise to God through Christ, in the form of song, should be the grand criterion for the structure of sacred verses for the use of congregations ; but to what extent should these be mixed with the strains of simple devotion, the dwelling of the spirit upon the perfections of the Almighty ; and with confession, the laying bare of the heart—its wants and its woes—in no morbid tone or strain, before the Divine and searching eye ? Our impression surely is that hymns should represent all that the spirit desires to express in its moods of praise or prayer. By a more earnest appeal to the senses, the soul is opened ; and it has been well said that so closely and mystically knit together are our higher and lower natures, that to neglect the one is to neglect the other. In prayer—the long, earnest, extemporaneous prayer—the spirit becomes abstracted, and, perhaps, even in the highest states, in the most subduing states of ecstasy, there are few of the congregation who rise, as the preacher rises, or rest as he rests. The hymn, in its throbings, and tremulous and pendulous vibrations, breaks through the monotony and *ennui* the body imposes on the soul, and, therefore, we are quite away

* 'Quarterly Review,' No. 222, April, 1862. Art. Hymnology.

from that increasing number, in our more immediate midst, who are indisposed to avail themselves of the bursts of sensuous song. We remember that it is not long since grave exception was taken by some among us to the singing

‘There is a land of pure delight,’

on the ground that it contains no recognition of, or praise to, the Redeemer. A stupid, cloddish soul of this kind is forming among us, but, as long as beautiful sights and beautiful sounds, the solemn gloom and glory of the everlasting hills, and the endlessness of the pure sky are to be apprehended by men, so long it must be not only a desirable, but an imperative thing, that they should all be transferred to the keys of the Christian organ and of Christian speech. We are not unaware of the danger of the defence of æsthetical beauty to spiritual Christianity, but a wise and balanced nature will know how far to advance, and when to stop, and we quite believe that our doxologies and thanksgivings and movements of sacred fervour should lay under contribution every faculty of the soul, that each faculty may be moved by a divine affection, speak to the heart’s inner chambers, and relate them to the most consecrated heights. Sir Roundell Palmer has justified these remarks by including in his book of praise the songs of the heart, numbers of which would fall short of, or exceed, Augustine’s definition. Here, however, we think he has omitted some very beautiful, meditative lyrics. We could wish to have seen some of the words of Cleveland Coxe, a bigoted Churchman, to be sure, the author of many words which are neither complimentary to us nor beloved by us. But did Sir Roundell Palmer ever see the following heart song?

‘THE HEART’S SONG.

‘In the silent midnight watches,
List thy bosom-door;
How it knocketh—*knocketh*—KNOCKETH,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not ’tis thy pulse’s beating,
’Tis thy heart of sin;
’Tis thy Saviour stands entreating,
Rise and let me in.

‘Death comes with equal footstep
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut!
JESUS waiteth—*waiteth*—WAITETH;
But thy door is fast:
Grieved, at length away be turneth;
Death breaks in at last!

' Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
CHRIST to let thee in ;
At the door of Heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas, thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
JESUS waited long to know thee,
But—he knows thee not !'

Verses like these are very subduing, and we should hold that collection of hymns to be altogether inadequate to all purposes connected with worship which did not put such affections and passions to metre and music. Recent writers have insisted strongly against this. The 'Quarterly Review' subjects to its condemnation of exclusion even those magnificent lines of Heber—

' How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on me.'

We are glad to perceive that, in the book before us, they are quoted in full, with the equally magnificent prolegomena of narrative. The 'Quarterly Review' could scarcely have known who was the author of these verses when describing them as 'a legacy left by the high pew system, where men, curtained in oak and red baize, thought they came to church to perform their private orisons.' It is indeed a nice question to what extent the more peculiar phases of a soul's experience should be made the subject of Church song ; but it surely will not be difficult in the hands of a really inspired poet, who will well know, by the unfailing intuition which never deceives, how far to compel the universal Church to an individual experience, or to make an individual experience the subject of a universal plaint or confession.

It is, we must think, to Protestantism that the Church is indebted for the ample and sweeping robes of spiritual melody. Papists indignantly deny this. Cardinal Wiseman has told us in a well-known article that Protestantism is essentially undevotional. We think our devotional practices and plenitudes might be improved and increased ; but for the multitude of its hymnologists, and the multitude of their songs, and for the fulness and the fervour of those same songs, Protestantism seems to leave Western and Eastern Church far behind. Some of our spiritual airs and aspirations need the hallowing touch of time before they can receive the consecration of affection which crowns the words of Basil, and the hymns of Ambrose, and the chants of Gregory. We have already intimated that we are not unmindful of that which Rome has in its hymns. We use some of them in our own churches, although many are so blinded by

their horror of Popery as to reject all Popish hymns *en masse*. Sir Roundell Palmer, we could almost think, has yielded himself to this prejudice. We are amazed to find no single quotation from the hymns of Faber, whose name we introduced to our readers some short time since in our remarks on the poetry of the cloister. Dr. Faber is, as most of our readers know, one of our modern perverts. But nothing ought to prevent the perception and appreciation of the profound spiritual tenderness of experimental and evangelical piety which throbs through his verses. Plenty about saints, angels, and mariolatry; but an overwhelming proportion which may well keep our eye fixed on the 'good part.' Does Sir Roundell Palmer know his name? Does he know his hymns? * Here are verses :—

* JESUS CRUCIFIED.

' Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

* * * * *

' Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

' What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord?
By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried,
And guilty found of too much love;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

' Found guilty of excess of love,
It was Thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

* * * * *

' Oh break, oh break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

' Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the Blood from out that Side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

* * * * *

O Love of God! O Sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For He, our Love, is crucified!

* Hymns by Fred. W. Faber.

While Dr. Faber's volume is in our hands we feel disposed also to refer to the following strange verses, which might well have found a place in the volume before us, called

'THE LENGTH OF DEATH.

• Sweet Saviour! take me by the hand, and lead me through the gloom;
Oh it seems far to the Other Land, and dark in the silent tomb;
I thought it was less hard to die, a straighter road to Thee,
With at least a twilight in the sky, and one narrow arm of sea,
Saviour! what means this breadth of death, this space before me lying,
These deeps where life so lingereth, this difficulty of dying?
So many turns, abrupt and rude, such ever-shifting grounds,
Such a strangely peopled solitude, such strangely silent sounds?
Another hour! What change of pain in this last act doth lie!
Surely to live life o'er again were less prolix than to die.
How carefully Thou walkest, Lord! Canst thou have cause to fear?
Who is that spirit with the sword? Art Thou not Master here?
Whom are we trying to avoid? From whom, Lord! must we hide?
Oh can the dying be decoyed, with his Saviour by his side?
Deeper?—Dark! Dark! But yet I follow; tighten, dear Lord! Thy
clasp!
How suddenly earth seems to hollow, there is nothing left to grasp!
I cannot feel Thee; art Thou near? It is all too dark to see;
But let me feel Thee, Saviour dear! I can go on with Thee.
What speed! How icy-smooth these stones! Oh might we make less
haste?
How the caves echo back my moans from some invisible waste?
May we not rest, dear Help? Oh no, not on a road so steep!
Sweet Saviour! Have we far to go? Ah how I long for sleep!
Loose sand—and all things sinking! Hark, the murmur of a sea!
Saviour! it is intensely dark; is it near eternity?
Can I fall from Thee even now? both hands, dear Lord! both hands!
Why dost thou lie so deep, so low, thou shore of the Happy Lands?
Ah! death is very, very wide, a land terrible and dry:
If Thou, sweet Saviour! hadst not died, who would have dared to
die?
Another fall!—Surely we steal on towards eternity:—
Lord! Is this death?—I only feel down in some sea with Thee.'

We are disposed to do all honour, fitting and just, to the really devotional contributions of the holier Romanists to sacred song, while utterly repelling the insinuation of Cardinal Wiseman referred to above. Both in England and in Germany the songs of Protestants are the songs of the country, and the airs of Luther and Gerhardt, and Watts and Wesley, and Ken, are not ecclesiastical but national. Watts led the way in our own country. We suppose that the Wesleys received from him and from the Moravian Church their first hints in the preparation and compilation of hymn-books for the people. The preface of John Wesley to his hymn-book is, for so saintly and

honoured a man, surely one of the most conceited pieces of composition in the language. It may have escaped the notice of our readers :—

‘May I be permitted to add a few words with regard to the *poetry*? Then I will speak to those who are judges thereof, with all freedom and unreserve. To these, I may say, without offence, 1. In these hymns there is no doggerel; no botches; nothing put in to patch up the rhyme; no feeble expletives. 2. Here is nothing turgid or bombast, on the one hand, or low and creeping on the other. Here are no *cant* expressions; no words without meaning. Those who impute this to us, know not what they say. We talk common sense, both in prose and verse, and use no words but in a fixed and determinate sense. Here are, allow me to say, both the purity, the strength, and the elegance of the English language; and, at the same time, the utmost simplicity and plainness, suited to every capacity. Lastly, I desire men of taste to judge (these are the only competent judges) whether there be not in some of the following hymns the true spirit of poetry, such as cannot be acquired by art and labour, but must be the gift of nature. By labour, a man may become a tolerable imitator of Spenser, Shakspeare, or Milton; and may heap together pretty compound epithets, as *pale-eyed*, *meek-eyed*, and the like; but unless he be *born* a poet, he will never attain the genuine spirit of poetry.

‘And here I beg leave to mention a thought which has long been upon my mind, and which I should long ago have inserted in the public papers, had I not been unwilling to stir up a nest of hornets. Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns. Now they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire they would not attempt to mend them; for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore, I must beg of them one of these two favours: either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better for worse; or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page; that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men.’

Now, this praise of composition and indignant denunciation of alteration surely comes with rather a bad grace from these writers, who, however rich their contributions, and however they laid under a deep and eternal weight of gratitude the whole Church of God, borrowed at first a very large proportion of their hymns from Watts, and still retain them, never at any moment acknowledging them, while many of the best attributed to John Wesley are simple translations from Zinzendorf, Terstegen, and Gerhardt; and Charles Wesley, who, sweet singer of Israel as he was, and undoubtedly all but pre-eminent in the piety, purity, and power of many of his original pieces, had a facility for translating the verses of other men into lyrics suitable for the Church which we believe has not been often noticed. A truly remarkable instance of this, not less curious than remarkable, we will point to the attention of our readers.

Wesley's Hymns.

'Stand the omnipotent decree :
 Jehovah's will be done !
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan :
 Let this earth dissolve, and blend
 In death the wicked and the just ;
 Let those ponderous orbs descend,
 And grind us into dust.

'Rest secure the righteous man !
 At his Redeemer's beck,
*Sure to emerge, and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck ;*
 Lo ! the heavenly spirit towers,
*Like flame, o'er nature's funeral
 pyre,*
 Triumphs in immortal powers,
 And claps his wings of fire !

'Nothing hath the just to lose,
 By worlds on worlds destroy'd ;
 Far beneath his feet he views,
 With smiles, the flaming void :
 Sees the universe renew'd,
 The grand millennial reign
 begun ;
 Shouts, with all the sons' of God,
 Around the eternal throne !

'Resting in this glorious hope
 To be at last restored,
 Yield we now our bodies up
 To earthquake, plague, or sword :
 Listening for the call divine,
 The latest trumpet of the seven,
 Soon our soul and dust shall join,
 And both fly up to heaven.

Young's Night Thoughts.

'Of man immortal ! Hear the lofty
 style :
 "If so decreed, th' Almighty Will
 be done.
 Let earth dissolve, yon ponderous
 orbs descend,
 And grind us into dust. The soul
 is safe ;
*The man emerges ; mounts above
 the wreck,*
 As towering flame from Nature's
 funeral pyre ;
 O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles ;
 His charter, his inviolable rights,
 Well pleased to learn from thun-
 der's impotence,
 Death's pointless darts, and hell's
 defeated storms."

And a writer in the 'London Review,' in a recent article on Hymns and Hymn-books, in which sufficient homage was paid to the Wesleys, pointed out the very adroit, and, it must be admitted, beautiful adaptation of the quaintness of Herbert to the necessities of the Methodist congregation. We make these remarks in no spirit of indifference or ingratitude to the high merits of Charles Wesley as one of the great voices of the Church. Watts's Hymns, indeed, were taken and altered pretty unsparingly. These are important elements to come into consideration, when the two writers are contrasted or compared. We should shock our Methodist friends, if we confessed to them our entire belief that the genius of the 'son of the schoolmaster of Southampton,' as the 'Quarterly' styles Dr. Watts, set the talents of

Charles Wesley on fire. Watts's was, we believe, every way the higher voice of Church song. We cannot think that Sir Roundell Palmer has quoted the best illustrations of his peculiar genius. The stretch of his verse seems sometimes exaggerated, inflated. A spirit so perpetually on the stretch and on the wing, sometimes, no doubt, fell back prone to earth, and, no doubt, his verses contain grotesque and altogether indefensible lines; but he was the Ambrose of Protestantism for all that. A Christian angel, his thoughts shooting up, and standing embodied, dressed and winged, even like the angels that excel in strength. He, of all modern singers, most reminds us of those burning ones Isaiah saw, six-winged, by the blaze of the throne, 'with twain covering their feet, with twain covering their face:' the twain prepared to fly certainly seem to have been more the property of Charles Wesley than of the gentle hermit of Stoke Newington and Theobalds. His was a spirit exulting amidst the everlasting trisagions. Some of his verses rise like awful pillars of cloud and flame, and in their usage since, they have hovered, like the guiding pomp of a magnificent beacon, over the tabernacle of the Church. Those more peculiarly worthy of this, which some would regard as an exaggerated estimate, are unquoted by Sir Roundell Palmer. For instance—

‘Sing to the Lord that built the skies.’

Indeed, the genius of Watts seems to have been especially fitted for the utterance of this grand and inflamed kind of ‘Hallelujah Chorus;’ which reminds us that another of this especial order, and which is the ‘Hallelujah Chorus’ of all creation—an overwhelming paraphrase of Ps. cxlv.—

‘Loud hallelujahs to the Lord
From distant lands where creatures dwell’—

is not included in the selection before us. Watts is so well known within our circle, that it seems quite a matter of supererogation to dwell upon his excellencies; nor should we allow the pleasant task to seduce us, were it not for our feeling that there are multitudes of more effective verses than those quoted. As we scarcely think the more elevated raptures are fairly represented, so neither are the more pathetic strains. The exceeding happy translation or rendering of the twenty-ninth Ode of Horace, Book III., should not have been omitted—

‘Let Spain's proud traders when the mast,’

and the lines on the death of Moses, not, we believe, very well known, from the lyrics.

- ‘ Sweet was the journey to the sky
The holy prophet tried ;
“ Climb up the mount,” said God, “ and die :”
The prophet climb’d and died.
- ‘ Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker’s breast ;
His Maker sooth’d his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.
- ‘ In God’s own arms he left the breath
That God’s own spirit gave ;
His was the noblest path to death,
And his the sweetest grave.’

Indeed, we are constrained to say that Sir Roundell’s volume really displays more acquaintance with collections of hymns than with the works of the authors. Leaving our own beloved and seraphic Doctor, we think the same remarks, as to the inadequate representation, apply to Charles Wesley. Perhaps the vigour of the translator is more fairly represented than the original conceptions, and pulsations, and fervours of the hymnologist. We eagerly ran our eye through the volume, in search of our more especial favourites, and somehow, we found most of them wanting—

‘ Talk with us, Lord ; thyself reveal.’

‘ Harken to the solemn voice, the awful midnight cry.’

‘ Worship and thanks, blessing, and strength, ascribe to Jesus.’

And that nervous hymn, associated with an especially remarkable incident in the life of Charles Wesley—

‘ Angel of God, whate’er betide,
Thy summons I obey.’

In such a collection, also, we might most naturally have expected to find those touching lines, dictated to his wife a few hours before his death—

‘ In age and feebleness extreme.’

We point attention to these omissions principally for the purpose of saying that, with much admiration and thankfulness, we cannot think the collection so complete that future editions cannot be greatly improved. Perhaps other writers fare somewhat better than these great masters. The well-known hymns of Thomas Olivers, the cobbler, ‘ a sturdy Welshman,’ as Southey calls him, who composed two or three of the most immortal hymns in our language—

‘ The God of Abraham praise ;’

‘ Lo ! He comes with clouds descending ;’

and

‘Beyond the glittering starry skies.’

Of the last hymn, a pleasant and well-known anecdote is told, that one of the Methodist preachers of that day requested Olivers, a poor labouring man, alternating the professions of cobbler and porter, to run upon some errand. ‘I can’t,’ said he, ‘I am writing a hymn.’ ‘You write a hymn!’ said the minister, ‘nonsense, you go with the letter, and I will finish the hymn.’ So Olivers went with the letter, and the preacher took up the pen. Olivers had dropped his inspiration into the hands of his superior nearly at the last verse, and when he returned he found the hymn in the same place—at a stand-still. The porter took up the pen and dashed off the well-known lines—

‘They brought His chariot from the skies,
To bear Him to the throne,
Clapped their triumphant wings, and cried,
The glorious work is done.’

The period of the rise of Methodism was the age of hymn writers, not merely in the circle of which the Wesleys, and, we may say, Thomas Olivers were the representative men; for although so poor and lowly in the world, probably those sublime hymns will be sung as long as the Church is able to sing; and very beautiful it is—most beautiful, to see not only cultivated and scholarly men, like the Wesleys, but souls on fire, like the shoemaker, ploughing along with their rugged words down to the deeps, or rising on a bold, strong wing up to the heights of emotion. Contemporary with the Wesleys and the Olivers, of course, was Augustus Toplady; and looking over the selections from him in our Volume of Praise, we are compelled to feel that on no account ought that sublime mystical fervour—the Midnight Hymn—

‘What though my frail eyelids refuse
Continual watchings to keep’—

to have been omitted; and we must make the same remark of that other by the same pen—

‘Jesus, immutably the same,
Thou true and living vine.’

Of this last hymn, it surely is no exaggeration to say it might have been written by St. Bernard. There are other minor names omitted. The selections of our author from John Mason are not the best. Does he know Swaine, the poor play actor, afterwards Baptist minister at Walworth, a little later than the period to which we have referred, author of a long poem, entitled ‘Re-

demption ;' but especially of a volume of hymns, and especially of that hymn we expected to find—

' Love is the sweetest bud that blows' ?

But space would quite fail to dwell on points—if we may say so without seeming ungracious — of omission. We were led to expect the very best collection of this kind we have had, and naturally looked for favourites we are grieved not to find. Even from Joseph Hart we might naturally have looked for more copious and apt quotations.

Coming down to a later time, we are reminded of an old minister who, some years since, refused to receive into congregational use for worship a hymn-book, because it did not contain Josiah Conder's celebrated hymn—

' Oh the hour when this material.'

The old gentleman, we suppose, would not have accepted Sir Roundell Palmer's volume, for that sublime hymn is not here ; and we grieve equally over the omission of that pathetic and searching hymn from the same pen—

' How shall I copy Him I serve ?
How shall I follow Him I love ?'

We question whether our compiler is acquainted with that wicked book, 'The Rivulet : ' we perceive only one quotation.

' Gracious Spirit, dwell with me.'

But there are many, if not superior, then equal, and well worthy of inclusion, especially in a volume intended rather for the oratory than the choir. For instance, 'Heart of Christ ;' and, as we know these hymns are not very generally read, and somewhat misconceived, perhaps our readers will break the monotony of our quibbling by reading the lines.

' Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
Brimming with salvation's wine,
Million souls have been beholden
Unto thee for life divine ;
Thou art full of blood the purest,
Love the tenderest and surest :
Blood is life, and life is love :
Oh, what wine in there like love ?

' Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
Out of thee the martyrs drank,
Who for truth in cities olden
Spake, nor from the torture shrank ;

Saved they were from traitor's meanness,
 Filled with joys of holy keenness :
 Strong are those that drink of love ;
 Oh, what wine is there like love ?

' Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
 To remotest place and time
 Thou for labours wilt embolden
 Unpresuming but sublime :
 Hearts are firm, though nerves be shaken,
 When from thee new life is taken :
 Truth recruits itself by love ;
 Oh, what wine is there like love ?

' Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
 Taking of thy cordial blest,
 Soon the sorrowful are folden
 In a gentle healthful rest :
 Thou anxieties art easing,
 Pains implacable appeasing :
 Grief is comforted by love ;
 Oh, what wine is there like love ?

' Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
 Liberty from thee we win ;
 We who drink, no more are holden
 By the shameful cords of sin ;
 Pledge of mercy's sure forgiving,
 Powers for a holy living,—
 These, thou cup of love, are thine ;
 Love, thou art the mightiest wine.'

The same remark applies to Miss Waring, whose lines

' Father, I know that all my life,'

are quoted ; but surely if Sir Roundell had seen her volume of verses, he would have found some others worthy also of a place in a selection so comprehensive as this, and perhaps more interesting, as the piece he has quoted is perhaps in almost every Christian's hand. A writer from whom we have no quotation is a Roman Catholic writer, worthy, however, of some acknowledgment and quotation, Sir Aubrey de Vere. In his several volumes would be found verses not often seen, but worthy. Such as the following :—

' MARTHA AND MARY.

" O Sister ! leave you thus undone
 The bidding of the Lord ;
 Or call you this a welcome ? Run,
 And deck with me the board."
 Thus Martha spake : but spake to one
 Who answered not a word :

For she kept ever singing,
"There is no joy so sweet
As musing upon him we love;
And sitting at his feet!"

"O Sister! must my hands alone
His board and bath prepare?
His eyes are on you! raise your own:
He'll find a welcome there!"
Thus spake again, in loftier tone,
That Hebrew woman fair.
But Mary still kept singing,
"There is no joy so sweet,
As musing upon him we love;
And resting at his feet!"

We must bring these somewhat scattered remarks to a close, and trust that any measure of exception we may have taken to the completeness of the volumes will not be misconceived. They are made much rather in the feeling that such a volume is likely to pass through many editions; that one or two sheets more, while not adding much to the book, will add very much to its perfectness; while, without invidiously distinguishing any names, we must feel that there are some whose words have scarcely purchased a claim to the position of a niche in so honoured a place. Before we close we may refer to the hints which have reached us, and to which the 'Quarterly' has also given currency in the article we have referred to, as to the probability of an authoritative compilation of hymns for the use of the English Church. Indeed, that Church has many good selections already, and we suppose that the intervention of authority would be just the shattering of all perfection. This seems to be a work not to be well done by committees. Our 'New Congregational Hymn-book' is a case in point—a good design spoiled by a committee. It is a very difficult thing to gather together the best flakes and notes of sacred song; but, for any measure of success, it must be the result, simply of one strong, devotional, and, we should also say, poetically constituted mind, amenable to sane suggestions. Upon one matter the compiler of the present volume deserves very hearty thanks—he has not dared to tamper with the lines he has quoted. Indeed, such audacities are beyond our comprehension, as we have long since given up all indignation at the enormities of the transgression from the multitudinous character of the sin. There are hymns, and hymns which are given out among us from Sabbath to Sabbath, which are so travestied and transposed, that the spectral hairs of the authors would rise ghastly and grim, could they listen in the congregation, and be told that such hymn was originally theirs;

for your hymn, like your song, is a very delicate creature. You push out a word, and replace it by one of your own, and the creature changes its whole character. Hymns and songs must be handled as delicately as peaches, if you would preserve their bloom, and that word which you would erase is perhaps the very vitality of the thing. It seems to us clearly a conscience if we cannot approbatively quote the hymn, let us leave the hymn out of our collection. Josiah Conder sinned sorely in this particular, and hymn-books used among us still retain pieces where, by the simple transposition of a word, a beauty is transmogrified to a blot. We are desirous, therefore, that this should be a leading principle in the compilation of any future hymn-books. Uniformity in the hymn-book we give up as altogether a vain idea. The Methodists are uniform, and how much they lose! How many chords, dear to the Christian heart, if not untouched, are yet unaccented: as our religious culture deepens, too, we may naturally expect that we shall receive larger importations into our Christian melody of the Latin and German Hymns. The Church marching to Zion, we are told, returns with songs of joy upon her head: these songs will increase as the ages advance. Perpetually the boast of David, 'I will sing a new song,' and the prophecy of the Church triumphant, 'They sung a new song,' will be true as we go forward. These words only express, we suppose, new experiences, new subjective states, either of the individual or the age, taking shape and body in words. We return to the sentiments we expressed at the opening of this article. In addition to songs of praise, properly so called, we desire to see a large proportion of our sacred metres hortative and didactic. That which is preached should be sung, and, we will say boldly at once, we desire to see retained in the service of song in the Church the element which many would regard as sensualistic. Over no order of mind can this be powerless, and to some minds how necessary. We believe that what has been called 'heart-work' and 'heaven-work' may be made to enter the soul more impressively through the power of sacred melody than perhaps by any other means.

Nor do we doubt that many souls would be inaccessible to the richness and repose of the higher orders of Christian truth, and the thread of Holy Scripture, and the meaning of its symbolism, excepting through them. When St. Jerome asked Gregory Nazianzum for an elucidation of a difficult passage in one of the parables of Luke, he was told that he would find the exposition most clearly when he heard the passage preached from in the Church, and Jerome tells us that that which was inexplicable to

him in private became clear in the public service. We suppose that this is frequently true ; that while the private interpretation fails, the surge and swell of the high, uplifting, sustained harmony, bears the heart of the individual worshipper into a state where the truth is felt, even if its logical coherencies and ligatures are not seen.

IV.

PIETY IN UNIFORM.*

IN these latter days we have frequently had our minds seriously exercised upon the means most likely to produce a godly feeling on behalf of those who with, we fear, but a slight estimation of their worth, are engaged in the religious labours of our Christian communities ; and we have determined in our minds that sanctity would gain very much if it adopted livery. We often have it painfully brought before our despondent spirits that Popery makes a great headway with us, and in our own, personally, more immediate circle, most of our friends are the subjects of greusome colics, on account of the sad prevalence of Puseyism. We fear that there is much in it. We also feel that we are placed at some disadvantage in comparison with these mediæval night-walkers. The truth is, in this world, and especially in our day, there is not only much in being pious, but it is perhaps of equal importance that you should make a good show of it. We know a town not far from London where the thing creates a stir. In this same town are very very many Sabbath schools, Sabbath school teachers, ragged schools, and other the like activities. But in notoriety, and in a considerable amount of public estimation, far before all these, are sundry women in black. As we wend our way to our humble conventicle every Sabbath morning we meet these women in black—nothing very amazing when taken to pieces ; bonnets abominable in their ugliness ; bodily furniture also like in plainness. Each woman in black marching on in the van, or bringing up the rear of various regiments of girls, who, for their sins, also are taken possession of, and made also to appear in the distinctiveness of ugly bonnets. Now, the thing is very simple, but it is effective. In fact, its very plainness most

* *The Laws and Usages of the Church and the Clergy. Ecclesiastical Vestments, or the Ornaments of the Minister.* By Rev. W. H. Pinnock, LL.D., Cantab. J. Hall & Son, Cambridge.

significantly shows it. Crying aloud to all Christian people, on their way to church or conventicle, 'See here; this is the real thing; here you behold a divine abnegation of silks, a holy avoidance of all the deleterious decencies of a nice and well-conditioned dress.' Our poor Sabbath school teachers, and their like, belonging to the different denominations of the town, are nowhere, in the estimation of the sentimental, by the side of this most modest and pious sumptuaryism, and the thing presses itself upon our consciences for the salvation of Protestantism, can we not get up some little affair of livery or uniform too? Oh! would that our male Sabbath school teachers could adopt some coat, some modification of the M.B., and, oh! especially, would that it were possible that our sisters of the Sabbath school ranks could devise some bonnet. For the want of this—of some organized mode of striking the senses of the public—it is that we are constantly hearing loud exclamations against the idleness and inertia of Protestants, and the stupendous activities put forth by Papists and Puseyites. Indeed, that affair of livery enters most curiously into the texture of the symbolism of the Church of England, and efforts are being made by some earnest souls, no doubt in advance of their times, to bring back Churchmen to a sense of homage to the ancient dress. We have heard it said loudly, 'English Churchmen cannot much longer dispense with copes.' The startling and momentous thought, which is no doubt intimately connected with the well-being and progress of the Church, is also related to what we have seen called in the work we have placed at the head of this article, 'The principle of æstheticism, which has taken root, and in growth is rapidly advancing, day after day.' In certain minds we believe so, and although, perhaps, not much in the way of most of our readers, it is not only curious to read the history of Church vestments, but still more curious to run the eye over the many efforts made to restore some of them in the present day. We believe, too, that many parishes are not aware of the obligation upon them to furnish for their minister the various institutions of dress. We read in 'Stephens' Ecclesiastical Statutes,' that, if the Act of Uniformity requires that the cope be worn, its being a Popish garment does not make it the less requisite. Some of the judgments of the Bishop of Exeter, with reference to the dresses of priests, are singular and curious.

'The BISHOP OF EXETER (*Dr. Phillpotts*), in his judgment in the Helston case, Oct. 23rd, 1844—where the REV. W. BLUNT was charged, among other things, with *preaching in a Surplice*—appears to base his argument with respect to the authority of the *Constitution* of ABP. WINCHELSEY, on this very Statute. After giving a

brief history of the Rubric bearing upon the Vestments to be used in the Communion Service, the Bishop thus proceeds:—"From this statement it will be seen, that the *Surplice* may be objected to with some reason; but then it must be because the law 'requires the *Albe*, and the *Vestment*, or the *Cope*.' Why have these been disused? Because the *Parishioners*—that is, the *Churchwardens*, who represent the *Parishioners*—*have neglected their duty to provide them; for such is the duty of the Parishioners by the plain and express Canon law of England.* (GIBS. Cod. 200.) True, it would be a very costly duty, and for that reason, most probably, Churchwardens have neglected it, and Archdeacons have connived at the neglect. I have no wish that it should be otherwise. But, be this as it may, if the Churchwardens of Helston shall perform this duty, at the charge of the Parish, providing an *Albe*, a *Vestment*, and a *Cope*, as they might in strictness be required to do (GIBS. Cod. 201), I shall enjoin the Minister, be he who he may, to use them. But until these Ornaments are provided by the Parishioners, it is the duty of the Minister to use the Garment actually provided by them for him, which is the *Surplice*. The Parishioners never provide a *Gown*, nor, if they did, would he have a right to wear it in any part of his ministrations. For the *Gown* is nowhere mentioned or alluded to in any of the Rubrics. Neither is it included, as the *Albe*, the *Cope*, and three *Surplices* expressly are, among 'the furniture and Ornaments proper for Divine Service,' to be provided by the Parishioners of every Parish. GIBS. Cod. *ubi supra*."—(Quoted in STEPHENS' *Eccl. Statutes*, p. 2050.)

Time was when parishes were called upon to supply the dresses and ornaments of their ministers as follows:—

"The *Parishioners* shall find at their own charge these several things following: a Legend, an Antiphonar, a Grail, a Psalter, a Troper, an Ordinal, a Missal, a Manual, the *Principal Vestment*, with a *Chasuble*, a *Dalmatic*, a *Tunic*, with a *Choral Cope*, and all its appendages, a *Frontal* for the great Altar, with three *Towels*, three *Surplices*, one *Rochet*, a Cross for Processions, Cross for the Dead, a Censer, a *Lanthorn*, an *Hand-Bell* to be carried before the Body of Christ in the Visitation of the Sick, a *Pyx* for the Body of Christ, a decent *Veil* for Lent, Banners for the Rogations, a Vessel for the Blessed Water, on Osculatory, a *Candlestick* for the Taper at Easter, a *Font* with a lock and key, the Images in the Church, the chief Image in the Chancel, the reparation of the body of the Church within and without as well in the Images as in the glass windows, the reparation of Books and Vestments whenever they shall need."—*Eccl. Law*. 374. b.

The battles of the Reformation turned very intensely upon the question of religious habits; and no wonder, for we well know that slight innovations may soon become exaggerated into public

nuisances. No minister of the Church of England, we suppose, dares to present himself for the purposes of public service without surplice and hood. In the notorious popular tracts, issued at Exeter, we have met with, lately, strong efforts to bring into renowned honour the surplice, the stole, the bands, and the maniple, the rochet and the chimere of the bishop, and in convocation, his scarlet. 'There is no reason,' the writer continues, 'why the vestments which have been laid by should not be immediately resumed in all cases where the congregation would not be offended thereat.' The most marvellous part of the matter is the reason assigned for all this—'*that the dresses of these priests, as outward distinctions, constitute the vesture of gold, the divers colours, the clothing of wrought-gold, the raiment of needlework, and the beautiful garments which befit the bride of Christ.*'*

This affair of piety in uniform, is carried by many so far that even in the visitation of the sick it is thought necessary that some distinction should be maintained, as Dr. Pinnock, in the volume before us, says, 'If only bands to distinguish the curate from the Scripture reader and lay missionary.' The worst of these bands, as our perplexed historian remarks, is, that they are not exclusively ecclesiastical; and we quite enter into the difficulties of an unhappy curate who would be separated indeed from the ordinary and vulgar race of men, yet cannot wear a surplice, and finds the bands not sufficiently individual; but indeed such perplexities must arise when our piety has to be known by the liveries it wears.

Seriously, it is impossible to read these things without feelings of pity and compassion for those who carry their ideas of symbolism to these ridiculous extremes of sentimental paganism. The bands themselves, we find, have a distinctiveness even in the very composition of which they are made. We learn with interest from Dr. Pinnock, that 'the proper material for making bands is a species of lawn called Indian Grass.'

To speak it seriously, we did not suppose that in our country, in this age, it could have been possible to have devoted such attention to the sumptuary ecclesiastical laws of the various ages of the Church. Nor do we regard it as unwise to call attention to these follies, in which the curates of souls imitate and emulate the ridiculous stage effects of Freemasons and Odd Fellows. Indeed, this grotesque, and as some would regard it, quite blasphemous analogy, is pressed upon us by the altogether curious detail of Dr. Pinnock's volume, and

* 'Popular Tracts.' A. Holder, Exeter. Tract 2, p. 6.

we are forcibly reminded of the strong language used by Bishop Jewel in his letter to Peter Martyr, when the question of priestly vestments was agitated among the first Reformers; he calls priestly vestments, 'the habits of the stage,' and speaks of 'ignorant priests, stupid as logs of wood, who, having neither spirit, learning, nor good life to commend them, studied to recommend themselves by that comical habit, and hoped to strike the eye of the people by ridiculous trifles.' He says, 'that these are the relics of the Amorites cannot be denied, and that some people are so much set on the matter of habits, that it would seem their idea of the Christian religion consisted in garments: we,' says he, 'are not called to the consultations upon such scenical apparel, and he would set no value by such fopperies.' Bishop Jewel, we are quite aware, is not likely to be an authority with the queerly dressed sisters and their *confrères*, of whom we have spoken at the head of this article. But we should suppose that his language would still be regarded as the language of common sense by those who do not wish to see a return of the usages which roused the scorn of John Milton when he scoffed at the request to endure the rustling of silken cassocks, and declares 'that he, for his part, would rather burst his midriff, than laugh to see them under sail in all their lawn and sarcenet, their shrouds and tackle, with a geometrical rhomboids upon their heads.' We say these things, looking a little without our own circle, because the tendency is evident in certain sentimental directions, to bring back all the old superstitious ornaments of ministers—black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery. We suppose the volume we have cited, and innumerable essays which have appeared from time to time in the 'British Magazine,' are intended exactly to define the limits of ecclesiastical law in these matters; to what extent it is possible for the English clergyman to avail himself of the white or blue on the festivals of confessors, virgins, or angels; and red or purple on the solemnities of apostles, evangelists, and martyrs; and black on fast days; and green and yellow on ordinary Sundays: all which, with the appropriate draperies of altar cloths, the reader may find delectably stated in the Catholic Directory for the information of the Romish Church. In the estimation of the laborious folk who are attempting to restore ancient pagan and popish æsthetics to Church vestments, all these particulars are most important; and the uniform of the scenic *sœur-de-charité*, or sister of mercy, seen so frequently now in the streets of our large towns, is a method which has a twofold advantage; it calls attention to the prominent philanthropies of people who

certainly have very little disposition *not* to let their left hand know what their right hand doeth; but it has this further intention, it is synchronous with that other movement which goes on behind veils and altar-screens, and within the confessionals of so-called Protestant churches, for the restoration of symbolism to the dress of the priesthood. All religious dress, as such, we regard as a great heresy and a great sin. We do not suppose that any person will convict us of inconsistency, if, while writing such a sentence, we worship in buildings where the mere ordinary gown is used; everybody understands that it is not as a piece of religious symbolism it is used at all; as an academical honour, as a refuge from oppressive heat, or, what we suppose to be more usually the case, a refuge from the most grotesque and uncouth and unnatural dress ever worn by mortals in an age characterized by refinement, civilization, or politeness. None of these reasons would ever be urged for chasubles or albs, dalmatics or stoles, scarfs or maniples, or copes, or surplices, or tunics. The persons of whom we have spoken, and whose opinions find a faithful representation in the work before us, adopt these dresses in their gloom and austerity, and would adopt them in their bright and glittering colours of scarlet, and yellow, and violet, and gold, as pieces of religious representationalism; nor would they hesitate to find in their white or shining garments, as we have seen in the quotation above, an outward and visible sign of the purity of the Bride, the Lamb's wife. The New Testament knows nothing of such ridiculous fanglings and fribblings of falsehood. We know that a long train or robe has frequently upset the wearer, and they are not wanting in the present day who seek to ensnare and enswaddle our Protestantism in the long clothes which have hampered and held the Church in past ages.

V.

CONGREGATIONALISM IN FOUR EPOCHS.*

WE owe Dr. Vaughan some apology that we have not before now called attention to the admirable and comprehensive volume in which he has given a lucid, and, every way, most sufficient statement of the origin and development of 'English Nonconformity.' The book is a very admirable companion to the second volume of the voluminous work of our excellent friend, to which we shall call the attention of our readers at an early period. The work of Dr. Vaughan, with that of Mr. Stoughton, 'Church and State Two Hundred Years Ago,' ought to be on the bookshelves certainly of every Nonconformist; and *every* comprehensive library has omitted a very necessary element of our English history, in those momentous periods, which does not contain them. We may say that we are sorry that, in a work so comprehensive in itself and in its title as that of Dr. Vaughan, a more distinct reference has not been made to the very imminent exigencies of Congregationalism in our own day. Our impression is that, more than ever, our polity is being placed upon its trial. The pressure of difficulties and perplexities round the system are on the increase; and Dr. Vaughan's age, manifold experience, and ecclesiastical scholarship, give to him a title to be heard, especially when we add to these qualifications the senses in his character and attainments, which make him, no doubt, as anxious to preserve our freedom as to retain and increase our literary culture, and, at the same time, to spread practical efficiency and spirituality through the towns, cities, and villages of the land by the Congregational system. We have not called so much attention as some of our contemporaries to the Bicentenary movement, but we trust that now the year has passed, it will not be found without consequences. Whether we are equal to the intense polemical interests which seem to be awakened by the external and internal

-
- *1. *English Nonconformity*. By Robert Vaughan, D.D. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.
 - 2. *Revolutions in English History*. By Robert Vaughan, D.D.
 - 3. *Revolutions in Religion*. Vol. II. London: Parker, Son, & Co.
 - 4. *English Puritanism, its Character and History: an Introduction to Documents relating to the Settlement of the Church of England by the Act of Uniformity, 1662*. By Peter Bayne, Esq., A.M. London: W. Kent.

circumstances, both of the Church of England and other religious communities, remains to be seen ; the allegations of the 'Quarterly Review' still remain, to a great degree, unreplied to. We, of course, know very well that the reply is easy ; but the question is really a serious one, to what extent Nonconformists are Comprehensionists, which the 'Quarterly' unhesitatingly charges us with being ; to which charge, certainly, Mr. Stoughton's volume gives a colour, and many of Mr. Binney's expressions and sentiments lend a suspicion. We shall boldly confess our own feeling, that the Bicentenary agitation has not realized that utterance of united sentiment we could have wished ; and we have abundant reason to know that the sentiments of Nonconformists of the present day, with reference to our public action and duty, are not wanting in a wide variousness. We have scarcely seen any very distinct putting forth of the question as to where we are, and what is the exact path to be taken by our several communities. There are not wanting many wise and able men among us (be it understood by our readers we are not including ourselves among their number) who are disposed to question how far our more intense political action has aided the especial mission of Nonconformity ; and whether the clear, and bold, and manly voice with which Edward Miall has defied all political claims upon the conscience, has not tended rather to the creation of a political than a spiritual conscience ; whether we have not, in some measure, as a consequence, lost that domestic intensity of life which is health in all free churches. Such questions as these, and questions connected with the true conservation of our polity—questions growing out of our failures (for there are many failures to be noticed) as well as out of our successes—these might well be supposed worthy of discussion in a movement of opinion and inquiry so general as that of the last year. Congregationalism, we have no doubt, is the highest type of spiritual organization ; but are there no wise limits by which it may be the better conserved and extended as a spiritual system ? We believe the great defect of it is that it does not educate the spirit in habits of obedience. We have no master save Christ, and we are free to interpret his will very capriciously. Are there no means by which we can, at once, repel invasions of natural human right, guard the true freedom of the soul, and, at the same time, train ourselves for growing and extending usefulness ? Our real conviction is, that the mind of the nation is very much before us, if we only could agree among ourselves as to the way by which we might go up to possess it ; in fact, Congregationalism was never a more vigorous power in the country than it is now. Perhaps nothing shows this more than the

audacious insolence of *The Saturday Review*, and the like. Such men as the writers of that amiable organ, whose sympathies alternate between the prize-ring and deism, would not waste their ink upon that which was not a power. Within the last week or two we have seen them designating two of our ablest and most excellent ministers, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel and Newman 'All,' as they choose to style the latter gentleman, as a pair of 'howling Dissenting preachers.' Mr. Spurgeon's magnificent and amazing popularity is an everlasting source of annoyance to them, and manifestation of insolence to us. We choose to accept these as indications that, by the party *The Saturday Review* represents, Congregationalism is a power feared. The review of Dr. Vaughan's volume leads us to regard Congregationalism as passing through four epochs. The epoch when its power in the country was felt as reformation—when it was mainly influential in breaking up the old monopolizing landmarks established during the darkness of the middle ages. The period of Cromwell's sublime ascendancy was so brief that it can scarcely be regarded as any other than a short parenthesis between this and the second epoch, when its history was only marked by bitter and bloody persecution. Then came the period of toleration, when what power it possessed was latent and invisible, and when, if Congregationalists were permitted to exercise religious worship at all, it was rather a deference to common sense and humanity than any result of the generosity of the Anglican system. We have now reached the fourth epoch, when each individual congregation exercises its own inherent vitality, and makes itself felt in the community around it. To what purpose does the present epoch exist? Is it that every congregation may be a school for the sustenance and the developments of the religious life? or is it, as the 'Quarterly Review' insinuates, for the purpose of comprehension within the folds of the Establishment? And suppose the latter were the case, which we do not dream for a moment of implying; if Nonconformists sought a means by which they might be one with this so beautiful Church of our fathers, would it be an idea so worthy of the scorning and scoffing of the Quarterly Reviewer? Is Uniformity only valuable when it can be obtained by whips and scourges, branding-irons and pillories, transportations and confiscations, and the gallows? Is it so that Uniformity is worthless when it is free? But volumes like that of Dr. Vaughan remind us that we have our traditions not less than the lawn-clad hierarchies, and the brass girt and alabaster-statued aisles of prouder churches. With indignities innumerable our forefathers were cast out to woods and heaths to worship beneath the

fear of the constable's staff and the soldier's sword. The Church of England talks of the cruelties exercised by the Independents during the brief period of their power ; a burning shame ought to sit upon its soul and subdue it to silence while it is said. Is there any tradition in any history of any Nonconformist or Cromwellite who reared a gallows for the Episcopalian ? Is there any tradition of any stake kindled by Nonconformists for the lovers of Prelacy ? We know how political crimes are confounded by sundry writers with the supposed suffering on account of religious principles ; but our Episcopalian polemics know better than they seem to know, and we know that the policy of the Anglican party to-day is exactly what it has remained from the age of Elizabeth. Were it not for the influence of voluntaryism upon the tactics of the Establishment, and for a most adroit and clever blinking of sundry matters of principle, such as baptismal regeneration and the sacramentarian efficacy of priests, by the so-called Evangelical party—most of whom we verily believe to be less evangelical than even the Puseyite party—that same Anglican system would now only exist, with its vast and most ridiculous parochial piety, like the Chinese wall ; and, as it is, it has resulted, in this fourth epoch of our history, in making confessedly every second person in the country a Nonconformist—not merely as attendants upon the Church of England are supposed to be Church people as a matter of nationality, but from active sympathy and identification of principle with the communities to which they have attached themselves ; while it must further be said, that a large proportion of such Nonconformists have come to be opposed, not only to the formularies of the Church of England, but, with a number of intelligent Conformists, to the very foundations on which Church of Englandism rests.

Congregationalism is, emphatically, religious freedom. There can be no doubt that the vice in the system is, that it cultivates too exclusively the idea of freedom. As we have already said, we have no one to obey, each church is left to the instincts of the personal conscience. Every church is a republic, and every member is religiously a republican. This system is the highest and purest conception of the human mind. It is, no doubt, what Dr. Angus, in his essay, has well described it as being, 'the noblest form of the social life.' But it has its dangers in an imperfect state, like that in which we find ourselves, not less as religious than as civil beings. We have said the first epoch of Congregationalism was the epoch of reformation. The first Puritans were almost necessarily Congregationalists. Their individualism was a protest against the massive, the overwhelm-

ing and enslaving sensuousness of the Romish hierarchy ; their rise was the thought and birth of national freedom. It was a more intense and expanded manifestation of that movement on the continent which gives such beautiful distinctness to the Brothers of the Good Hope, the Friends of God, and other such communities : developments of that instinct which compels religious souls to meet together in their separate individualities to seek for religious food ; not for prayers learned by rote, muttered masses, and bowings, and posturings, and organ thrillings, and robes, and vestments, all very well for souls in a passive state—souls that, if they assimilate in their religious nature at all, assimilate as nobody knows how ; whose whole religious life is entirely unvolitional and vicarious. But souls, Popish or Protestant, whose religious life is active, need a free exercise, that cannot be satisfied with Acts of Uniformity and routine. Nuns in their cell, and monks in their cloister, have illustrated the principle as much as prayer-leaders in the little village Congregational chapel ; and the rise of every religious order in Rome—Benedictine, Franciscan, Dominican, and even Jesuits—illustrate as much the essential freedom of the human soul in its thirsts, and wants, and appetites, as the rite of English Nonconformity. Dr. Vaughan would have strengthened his book if, especially in the earlier portion of it, on the religious life in the middle age, he had shown the true human base on which English Nonconformity stands, and in which it had its origin. This is the perpetual strength of the system ; this makes the pulpit among the Nonconformists, where it is real, *power* ; and this illustrates to us the cause of the strength of those words of the first Puritans, which, because they have so much strength and freshness, have left a legacy of might and energy even to our own day. We almost wonder that the committee publishing the Documents of Nonconformity has not attempted to reprint in this country the very bulky, but very interesting work of Mr. Hopkins.* Sixteen hundred large pages no doubt taxes patience, and Mr. Hopkins's mode of treating history and biography is open to grave objections. Dr. Vaughan's fault as a historian is found perhaps in too keen a sense of the dignity of history ; his pages are too much unrelieved by the anecdote, the portrait, and the vivid pictorial scene. With all these, Mr. Hopkins's pages only too much abound, and as a picture of the strifes of Puritans in their first epoch of reformation, if not complete in art, it is cer-

* 'The Puritans ; or, the Church, Court, and Parliament of England during the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth,' by Samuel Hopkins. In Three Volumes. Boston : Gould & Lincoln.

tainly most comprehensive as the bringing together of the materials of which our artist may avail himself for a perfect historical scene. We cannot too frequently pay homage to the men of the times of the Tudors, who scattered abroad the first rays of light over the darkness of the country, and the age when priests and people were alike immured and immersed. What an anecdote that is which even Bishop Aylmer tells in his life by Strype, of the way in which the vicar of Trumpington understood 'Eli, Eli, lama Sabachthani,' when he read the Passion upon Palm Sunday. Coming to the place he stopped, and, calling to the churchwardens, said, 'Neighbours, this gear must be amended. Here is Eli twice in this book. I assure you if my lord of Ely come this way and see it he will have the book, since his name is in it; therefore by mine advice we shall scrape it out, and put in our own town's name, viz., Trumpington, Trumpington, lama Sabachthani.' They consented, and he did so, because he understood no better; and whether the story be true or false, the men who tell it are a warrant to us that it in some considerable degree represents the amazing ignorance of those times. To the age of the first publication of Puritan doctrine succeeded the efforts of the first Congregationalists—of the noble Penry, who was hung for his Congregationalism—of Henry Barrow, strong-minded and clear; of Thacker, Copping, and Greenwood, who expiated their crimes against the despotic tastes of Queen Elizabeth; that lady retaining crucifix and altar in her private chapel, and sympathizing no doubt heartily with the pomp and symbolism of Rome, can scarcely excite much surprise in her efforts to repress that freedom which was always a source of alarm to her when it broke out in manifestations of Congregationalism. In her reign, and the reign of James I., Puritanism was becoming Separatism; religion began to manifest itself in that intense yearning of soul after truth, which led multitudes to travel far, and brave the utmost for the sake of the enjoyment of free religious services. The history of those times is tolerably well-known to our readers—the time of Cartright and of Hooker; and it must always be an honour to the Puritans of that period, and to their proclamation of the principles of true spiritual worship, that while Whitgift, the 'little black husband of Queen Elizabeth,' as she was fond of calling him, was earning his right to the adjective, if not to the substantive, of her designation, by his long course of exacting tyranny and cruelty, the cause of persecution was felt to be weak without the yet insufficient but magnificent apology of Richard Hooker. The reign of persecution has extended, with more or less virulence, even from that time until now; but in the reign of Charles I. it became intolerable. To Whitgift, in

the reign of Elizabeth, succeeded Laud in the reign of Charles, and, adopting the theory that all possessors of priestly or monarchical power were invested with a sort of official infallibility, he parcelled out this great nation, with all its rising peoples, as the appropriate field and subject of his ridiculous superfluities of naughtiness. He mainly goaded the nation to madness by his claim that he and his co-ecclesiastics ruled by direct authority from Jesus Christ. He cleverly cleared the way for himself to the well-earned block, and made the same pathway also easy for his cruel master, Charles. Sentimental people whine and whimper over the deaths of these martyrs, and especially of that precious martyr the Archbishop; but if anything be clear, this seems to be clear, that for the downfall of the hierarchy, and for the rending of the nation into schisms, Laud is ecclesiastically responsible. That extreme fanatic created the intense reaction which led to the long range of political disasters.

Mr. Bayne, in his brief 'Introductory Essay,' draws with a firm and truthful hand the portrait of 'the little' Archbishop:—

'For the rest, Laud was intense, vehement, energetic; he made his soul like unto a wedge. He was troubled with no doubts or scruples, turned neither to the right hand nor to the left, paused for no recreation, and was never caught slumbering. Like Robespierre, between whom and Laud there was in several things a close resemblance, he believed every word he spoke. It is this character, in which temperament plays as important a part as mental capacity, that commands success. Bishop Williams—a man of incomparably nobler faculty than Laud, brilliant, genial, eloquent, versatile; who, when he brought Laud to James, had probably never conceived the possibility of his becoming a rival—was soon thrust aside by the wiry, sleepless zealot, all iron, and dull-burning, unquenchable fire.

'Let no one imagine that Laud was gifted with sensibility to grace and solemn loveliness. He is ever, when we look at him closely, the raspy-voiced, bustling, peevish little doctor, whose beauty of holiness is only the apotheosis of formalism. In that famous consecration of the Church of St. Catherine, in London, by the Archbishop, we find, with some amazement, that the ceremonial consisted mainly in regulated antics—bowings, steppings, jumpings backward and forward, according to number and measure, without any discernible principle of beauty or impressiveness. "As he approached the communion table," thus proceeded the consecration at its most solemn part, "he made several low bowings; and coming up to the side of the table, where the bread and wine were covered, he bowed seven times; and then, after the reading of many prayers, he came near the bread, and gently lifted up a corner of the napkin wherein the bread was laid; and, when he beheld the bread, he laid it down again, flew back a step or two, bowed three several

times towards it; then he drew near again, and lifting the cover of the cup, looked into it, and seeing the wine, let fall the cover again, retired back, and bowed as before." We calculate that Laud, the little, red-faced, mean-looking man, bowed here some two dozen times, with interspersed skippings and pacings. Can anything be conceived more grotesque than the whole affair?

'How then is it that Laud is to many devout Anglicans of modern times a poet-priest, whose adoration clothed itself naturally in beauty, who trimmed the lamp of sacrifice that its golden light might stream more radiantly towards heaven, and fill with hallowed effulgence the temple upon earth? Laud stands for more in history than he was in fact. He originated what it seems impossible that he can have deeply sympathized with. For George Herbert there was real poetry in the choral chaunt, in the coloured window, in the marble altar, in the solemn aisle. In Herbert's church of Layton, which was "for the workmanship a costly mosaic, and for the form an exact cross," there ministered a true poet-priest. The man who at Bemerton prayed and mused until "The Temple" gradually rose in melody to his enraptured imagination, meant more than Laud by the beauty of holiness. Nor is it quite with the Puritan shudder that we think of that "Protestant nunnery," which Nicholas Ferrar established in those times at Little Gidding, on the borders of Northamptonshire. There, night and day, did the sound of prayer and praise ascend from virgin-choirs, while candles, white and green, shed around a dim, religious light, and the deep organ filled the place with moving sound. These are for us the more tender lights of the Laudian picture, and when we fix our gaze upon them, and reflect on all that has been done by genuine sensibility since the days of Laud, to invest the worship of the Church of England with lofty imagery and melting grace, we cease to be astonished at the veneration entertained in some quarters for Laud's memory.

'These were, we say, the high lights of the Laudian picture. It is well to make the most of them. The shadows they have to relieve are dark. For the Puritans there was one fatal circumstance in all this cultivation of the beauty, or at lowest of the upholstery, of holiness. It was not optional, but compulsory. We know what songs are to a heavy heart. Perhaps it might be equally tormenting for a Puritan, trembling in the eye of the awful God, asking, as with the reeling earthquake under his feet, what he should do to be saved, to be compelled to interpret the divine command to worship in spirit and in truth after the Laudian fashion. For there was no tolerance in the Archbishop. The large spirit of the old Romish Church, in respect of form and rite, was alien to the contracted soul of Rome's pedantic imitator. The generous breath of the first Reformers and their immediate successors, the philosophic liberality of Hooker and Bacon, were unknown to the iron formalist. The word of the law, enjoining uniformity of worship, had since Elizabeth's time been strict enough, but it had been indulgently applied. Practically the result

had been a general uniformity, with a pleasing and salutary variety. But Laud could allow no free sprouting of the forest boughs; every tree must be cut in exactly the same form. This was new in England, and if the Puritans, in the day of their ascendancy, enforced a uniformity of a different kind, it must be remembered that it was Laud who taught them the lesson of intolerance. The just and temperate prayer of the old Puritans, that, while they interfered not with others in worshipping as seemed to them best, and while they held the unity of the faith, and were loyal subjects of his majesty, they might be permitted a certain latitude in the manner of celebrating divine worship, was for the first time, in practice as well as in theory, rejected by Laud. Uniformity had been previously enforced with an occasional touch of whips; he enforced it constantly and universally with scorpions.'

Dr. Vaughan brings out the character of the clergy of this period with a very undoubted clearness, and we suppose that no intelligent and righteous judgment can doubt that the clergy of that day, over the country in general, were a race of most impious and immoral men; that there were noble exceptions can be as little matter of doubt. The persecution for the sake of opinion, led to the Civil War, to the short period of the ascendancy of the Independents, when the pulpits of the land were cleansed, and when also, we fear, many innocent men suffered, as was sadly natural in such a period of national confusion. But to those who have been disposed to find a clear case made out against the Independents of gross persecution, we commend the analysis of Dr. Vaughan. The assumptions of the 'Quarterly Review' are simply ludicrous and impossible—that six out of seven of the deprived clergy died of want. And what, we are disposed to ask, if this were the case, could have been the estimation in which they were held by the rich nobles and cavaliers of the country? We are inclined to think that the argument advanced by the 'Quarterly' tends very considerably to overthrow its own statements. We do not remember to have seen any commendations of the liberality of Cromwell, and yet it is well known that he permitted in the City of London, and in other prominent towns, eminent Episcopalian ministers, even inimical to himself, to prosecute their ministry. The views of Cromwell, it is admitted on all hands, were large, and his great concern was to obtain personal obedience to his own Government. This obtained, he was, not only not indisposed, but most cheerfully disposed to permit the exercise of the functions of the ministry. Bishop Kennett says, 'Dr. Gunning, afterwards Bishop of Ely, kept a conventicle in London in as open a manner as the Dissenters did after the Toleration;' and a clergyman, in 'A Conformist's Plea for Nonconformists,' writes, 'I can reckon up

many clergy who had livings in Cromwell's day in the city, and preached without any let : there were Dr. Hall, Dr. Ball, Dr. Wilde, Dr. Harding, Dr. Griffith, Dr. Pierson, Dr. Mossome, and many more, besides abundance in the country.'

In the estimation of many, Cromwell erred on the side of enlarged liberality. He defended the persecuted father of English Unitarianism, John Biddle, and settled upon him a pension ; and although there was a pretext for considerable severity, since the cavaliers were of course all Episcopalians, and ready at any moment to take up arms against Cromwell, and many engaged in active plottings and conspiracies against him, yet for a long course of years after, the High Church party can point to no such measures of toleration towards Nonconformists as those which, during the brief reign of the Independents, were extended towards Episcopalians. It would not be a difficult matter to show that the pre-eminence of national enterprise and energy has kept pace at all times with the pre-eminence of Congregationalism ; it was so in the days of its incipient development in the reign of Queen Elizabeth ; the nation declined when efforts were made to crush *it* during the reigns of the first Stuarts. National industry rose to a marvellous pitch under Cromwell. He destroyed that lawless taxation and Government monopoly which James I. and Charles I. were constantly petting. The princely Independent raised, indeed, the national expenditure, but he raised the national resources. He made Jamaica an English settlement. The Londoners in his army saw the silver taken in a Spanish fleet conveyed in a stream of waggons to the Tower. He stayed the butcher hands of Louis XIV. and the Duke of Savoy in their work of persecution. Never before or since did England so over-awe bad nations ; nor can it be doubted that this arose from the development of that civil and religious liberty which Congregationalism by its creed and its Church government tends especially to cultivate. The time of the reaction came—the time of intense and cruel persecution. Widely different was the freedom of England during the period of Cromwell, and during the humiliating and dastardly reign of Charles II. (that heir and hope, that pride and *protégé* of the Anglican clergy, on account of whose blessed restoration the bells of churches and cathedrals have clapped and clamoured, and belfries rocked, almost ever since), who sold Dunkirk to Louis XIV., which, but a short time before, Cromwell's veterans had secured to the English people, that he might live to his inclinations. Then commenced again those acts of persecution, in which the jails were thronged with prisoners, and transport vessels with convicted Nonconformists drifted to the colonies beyond the seas,

until the reign of William III. secured that mild but often insolent and exasperating form of toleration which continued until within the memory of the young men of the present generation ; but which still leaves in this fourth epoch at which we have arrived something of the spirit of the old persecuting, selfish, and sensuous system of darker and drearier times.

It is quite plain that we have reached a period in which toleration will no longer avail to keep the minds of English Nonconformists tranquil and composed ; we have arrived at a time when we cannot understand why we should be tolerated ; we seem to be as worthy and as venerable as the proud ecclesiastics who rustle by us in lawn and silk ; rustle by us in lawn and silk they may, that is no concern of ours ; but whether such lawn and silk are to be cut out after such a pattern, and be worn by Act of Parliament, so that they place all who do not bow before them at social disadvantage, this is the question. The very innocent and still more excellent Bishop of London affects to think that the Church-rates are the very last of the grievances beneath which Dissenters can affect to groan. His lordship must indeed be very innocent and ignorant, or very wilful. The whole system of Anglicanism is contrived for the purpose of giving social advantage to those who will worship according to the Act of Uniformity ; and the 'Quarterly Review,' in its article on the Bicentenary, defends that nefarious and abominable Act still ; that Act which purports in its own description of itself to be 'very comfortable to all good people desirous to live in Christian conversation ;' but which immediately proceeds to designate all Nonconformists as 'a great number of people in divers parts of this realm following their own sensuality, and living without knowledge and due fear of God, and wilfully and systematically abstaining and refusing to come to their parish churches, and other public places (*which is a falsehood*) where Common Prayer, administration of the Sacraments, and preaching of the Word of God is used upon the Sundays and other days ordained and appointed to be kept and observed as holy days ;' all which is, as the reader will observe, very clearly false, since most Nonconformists, excepting such as belong to the Church of England, do attend public service and common prayer, and the reading of the Word of God, and the administration of the Sacraments. Thus it is the apologists of the hierarchy in our midst, keep the ancient, ill, black, bitter blood constantly circulating ; and they would rather peril the existence of the Church, or, we verily believe, of Christendom itself, than touch a word of the Prayer Book, or relax the rigidity of a single Article ; while, on the contrary, there are others belonging to the same communion

who would relax to any extent, and if any Articles were imposed would have every Article made of gutta percha, to accommodate the vast multitude of consciences, or no consciences, from the aerial texture of Colenso's to the iron grip of Calvin's. Now, to this period to which we have arrived, we should have been glad had the conditions imposed on Dr. Vaughan permitted him to devote more attention. The 'Quarterly Review' affects to regard us as 'Insurrectionary propaganda.' Its polite estimate of the men of the Exodus—to honour whom was held what it calls 'a Dissenting Saint's Day, an adoration, in Chinese fashion, of great ancestors'—is that they had been all 'pickpockets.' 'If,' says the courteous reviewer, 'a pickpocket has possessed himself of your handkerchief and yields it up to you again under the gentle pressure of the police, his most admiring and enthusiastic friend would not think it necessary to preach a sermon in his honour upon the great anniversary of the event, nor will the transaction be ennobled if such vicissitudes of possession should be the result of political disturbance.' The ingenuous and ingenious reviewer, if a clergyman, which is very likely, or a Churchman, which is certain, by his clever argument proves himself to be a pickpocket! Who built the halls of Oxford and Cambridge? Who reared our Parish Churches, our Grammar Schools? How came they into the possession of the Church of England? Surely it was all the result of 'political disturbance.' We may be sure the men who reared our vast English Cathedrals never contemplated their separation from the Church of Rome. In the ejectionment of the dissolute and disreputable clergy under Cromwell, and in the ejectionment of the 'carpenters and cobblers,' as *The Saturday Review* affects to call them, of Black Bartholemew, such 'carpenters and cobblers' as Owen and Howe, Bates and Caryl, Poole and Goodwin—men from whom the vast scholarship and genius of Milton derived its teaching; in either ejectionment, we say to this flippant reviewer, the Act was one of law. Plainly, that controversy is not to be settled after this fashion or in this spirit. We do not for a moment dream that any idea of comprehension guides the minds of our people; but the period has come when the whole of those vast properties seized by the remorseless men of the Church—and to prevent one Dissenter receiving one pin's head's worth of benefit from which, was the steady study and endeavour of the imposers, and is still of the defenders, of the sharply defining *chevaux de frise* and Articles of the Anglican Church—must be the subject of public inquisition. Those properties are national, and every Nonconformist has a right to inquire into their appropriation, and if possible to give them a holier appropriation. Meantime, what are our duties,

and in what way shall we best fulfil the task of giving efficiency to Congregationalism? Our readers will perceive that in connection with Dr. Vaughan's very able volume we have mentioned the eloquent essay of Mr. Peter Bayne. The two works emanate from one committee, but the two men have very different ways of looking both at the great period of the Puritan Monarchy and the Puritan Exodus. Mr. Peter Bayne is a Presbyterian, and he seems to have crossed the borders, retainer in hand, for the purpose of converting England to Presbyterianism. In his essay, which has all his usual strength and eloquence, he of course speaks with bated breath; Cromwell is no idol of his, and he writes evidently with some feeling of irritation in the recollection of the way in which the great Protector repressed Presbyterianism at Dunbar. Scotchmen are great favourites of ours, and we owe much to their literature; but it needed a very 'canny Scot' to talk of being 'struck with the shining part played by the Scottish people in their intermeddling with the English Puritan business.' The sentimental in him gets the better of Mr. Bayne when he talks of the 'stirring poetry akin to that which thrilled the Hebrew nation of old in the aspiration of the little kingdom, to make its covenant a bond of union, a fount of blessing for the three nations.' Mr. Bayne poured some strong Presbyterian vinegar into his ink when he wrote his review of Dr. Vaughan's volume in *The Weekly Review*, and quarrels with Dr. Vaughan for 'loading his whip' when Presbyterianism comes on the scene. We must remind Mr. Bayne that English Independents feel but a scant measure of gratitude towards the Presbyterians of that day; they did us the good service to sell us the King, and it is very likely if Charles II. had not been nimble they would have sold him too; to them we owe the rending of our national interests; they strewed the pathway of the great General with thorns, they made the Republic impossible, to them we owe, what possibly was a providence (though no thanks to them), the restoration of the Stuarts, and very much of the oppression of the Independents. We are therefore not ungrateful to Dr. Vaughan that his volume is 'the glorification of the Independents.' We wish for all writers of the Bicentenary year that there had been more disposition to give honour to whom honour is still due; there were some in those days who took but little part in revolutions, yet they resisted the Episcopal pretensions to the prison and to death; especially the Quakers, whose early heroism few have learned to honour, and yet whom none can honour enough. We believe that no period of Church history contains lessons more necessary for us to learn in this day than that which brings before us the lives of those

noble and estimable men—for such they were—in spite of the railing of *The Saturday Review*, *The Athenæum* and *The Guardian*; while their success especially teaches us this, that a religious and deeply spiritual people may be a formidable power in a country, sufficing even to keep cruel despotisms in awe; while they warn us also by this other lesson that the mightiest tactics of a comprehensive organization are nothing without spiritual fervour and earnestness of soul.
